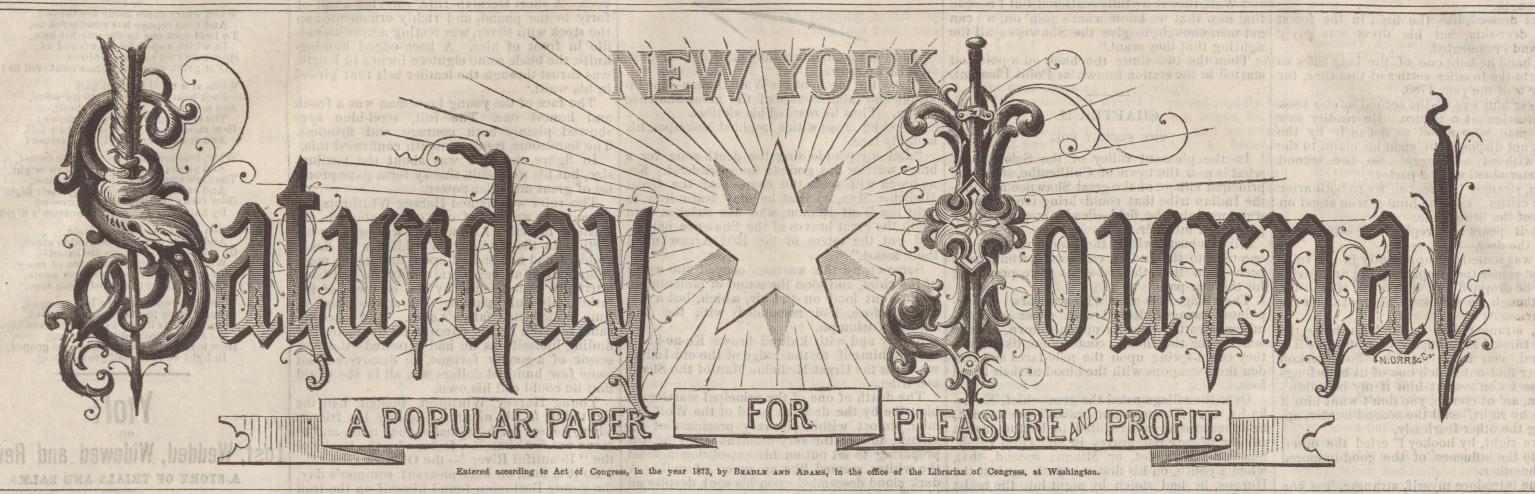
SERIALS COMMENCED Republished by Request of Thousands, Albert W. Aiken's "Wolf Demon. "DICK DARLING, THE PONY EXPRESS-RIDER." BY LAUNCE POYNTZ.



Vol. IV.

E. F. Beadle, William Adams, David Adams,

NEW YORK, NOVEMBER 1, 1873.

TERMS IN ADVANCE One copy, one year ... 3.00.
Two copies, one year ... 5.00.

No. 190.

A MEMORY OF TWILIGHT.

BY EBEN E. REXFORD.

Round me fell the gloom of twilight, Shutting out the world from sight, But o'erhead the angels lighted One by one, the lamps of night.

"I'm so tired," my darling whispered; "And I want to go to sleep,"
I could hear the quail's shrill piping
From the shadows, dense and deep

'Take me on your bosom, mamma !" Oh, how weak my darling's words, But to me they held the music Of a thousand singing-birds. Close I held her to my bosom,

Strained against my aching breast, But the mother arms about her Could not soothe her into rest. Sing," she said. There was a ditty

To an old-time melody That I used to sing to hush her And I sung this simple ditty

To its old, familiar air, While my tears were falling, falling Like a rain upon her hair: "Hush, my child, lie still and slumber, Holy angels guard thy bed, Heavenly blessings, without number,

Gently falling on thy head.' Came a light, so soft, so tender, From the shadows in the west,
And it touched my darling's eyelids
With the blessed balm of rest.

Oh, that light—so strange, so radiant!
I have often thought, since then,
That an angel touched my darling And so charmed away her pain.

For she slept-the last sweet slumber That a weary mortal knows, And her face grew strangely quiet In a new and sweet repose.

Ah, she slept, to wake, at morning, On the calm, eternal shore, To that new and strange existence, Wrapped in rest forevermore.

RED ARROW,

The Queen of the Kanawha.

BY ALBERT W. AIKEN,

AUTHOR OF "ROCKY MOUNTAIN ROB," "THE MAN FROM TBXAS," "OVERLAND KIT," "RED MAZEPPA," "ACE OF SPADES," "HEART OF FIRE," "WITCHES OF NEW YORK," ETC., ETC.

AUTHOR'S PREFACE.

DURING the summer of '64, I spent some three months in the district in Ohio, bounded by the Ohio, the Little Miami, and the Muskingum rivers, and in some of my pedestrian excursions I penetrated into the almost trackless wilderness that even now exists in some parts of West Virginia, on the eastern bank of the Ohio, the "whiteoak land," almost worthless for agricultural purposes. I spent some time, too, in the town of Chillicothe, formerly the great central village of the Shawnee tribe. All this region is rich in Indian stories, handed down by tradition, from parent to child. In my rambles, I chanced to hear a rude and disconnected story of a terrible demon that had once afflicted the Indians about the time of Corn-planter, and the great expedition against Point Pleasant, on the Ohio, where the savages sustained such a terrible defeat. Putting the scattered links together, aided by the local traditions relative to the exploits of Boone, Kenton, and the renegades Girty and Kendrick, soon perceived that I had the materials for a romance of the early times along the Ohio that bid fair to far surpass, in interest, the usually dry recitals of the Indian border wars. The "Wolf Demon" tradition gave to the story of the sanguinary struggle an intense interest. That it is more than probable such a being could have existed, any well-read man in medical lore will surely affirm.

As far as possible I have verified local tradition by written annals, and have in no wise departed from the history of the troublous times wherein the great pioneer, Daniel Boone, played so promi-

nent a part. Probably the best proof that my story is, in the main, correct, is the request on the part of the leading daily neswpaper of Wheeling, West Virginia (near to the scene of action of the story), to republish the romance in their columns, a request that I was compelled to decline, as the SATURDAY JOURNAL holds the copyright of the work.

Since the publication of the romance, I have reread it carefully, and, like the artist who lingers over the finished picture, giving it here and there a touch, to make "completion more complete." I have added a few words now and then, either to der the spreading branches, sable was the the greenwood tree. make the dramatic action stronger, or else to bring the romance still nearer to historical truth.

"Rose Cottage," ALBERT W. AIKEN. Brooklyn, N. Y., Sept. 23, 1873.

THE PROLOGUE.

IN THE GLADE AND BY THE MOONLIGHT. THE great, round moon looked down in a sound through the branches of the wood. flood of silver light upon the virgin forest by the banks of the Scioto, the beautiful river storm. adventurers) had given to the plains and val-lies of Kentucky the name of "The Dark and A frightened deer came dashing through the



The rays of the moon fell upon a huge gray wolf, who walked erect like a man.

the forest stillness. One hears all noises in the loved it—dashed the deer, and then, entering loved, the winding, smiling Ohio.

Fast on the trail of the deer he followed, alnight even in a civilized land; how much more wondrous then are the wild, free cries of the inhabitants of the great green wood, untrammeled by the restraining hand of man!

A ring around the moon told the coming

which winds through the richest and fairest Dark masses of clouds dashed across the sky, valley in all the wide western land—the great ever and anon vailing in the "mistress of the corn valley of the Shawnee tribe—those red | night," as though some unquiet spirit was enwarriors who, in their excursions across the vious of the pale moonbeams, and wished to colors, and fringed in fanciful fashion. Ohio (the "La Belle" river of the early French | cover, with its mantle, the earth, and cloak an

The tree-tops were green and silver; but un- ing horns that told of many a year spent under lords of the Ohio valley from the oil "licks" of Indian fashion, but unlike that fashion in one

The strange, odd noises of the night broke beams fell-kissing the earth as though they again the dark recesses of the forest, the brown coat of the wood-prince was lost in the inky

Then in the trail of the buck, guided by the

Indian warrior. A red brave, decked out in deer-skin garb, stained with the pigments of the earth in many

The warrior was a tall and muscular savage, one of Nature's noblemen. A son of the wilderness untrammeled by the taint of civilizaaisles of the forest—a noble buck with branch- | tion—a brave of the great Shawnee tribe, the | alarmed and had sought safety in flight, the of the hunter who stood with his foot on the

though the chase was almost hopeless. Hardly had the warrior crossed the glade and entered the thicket, when, on his track-fol-

The free winds surged with a mournful noise of the rustling branches, came a dark lowing him as he was following the deer-

The form did not pass across the glade, but skulked around it in the shadow, as though it feared the moonlight.

The warrior penetrated into the thicket be-

warrior began to retrace his steps. The Shawnee brave dreamed not of the dark and fearful form—that seemed neither man nor beast—that lurked in his track.

He had hunted the deer, but little thought that he, too, in turn was hunted.

The red chief guessed not that the dread demon of his nation—the terrible foe who had left his red "totem" on the breast of many a stout Shawnee brave-was even now on his track, eager for that blood which was necessary to its existence.

With careless steps the warrior retraced his From behind a tree-trunk came the terrible

form. One single blow and a tomahawk crashed through the brain of the red-man. With a groan the Shawnee chief sunk lifeless to the earth.

The dark form bent over him for a moment. Three rapid knife-slashes, and the mark of the destroyer was blazoned on the breast of the victim, reddened with blood. Then through the aisles of the forest stole

the dark form. All living things—the insects of the earth the birds of the night—shrunk from its path.

It crossed the glade full in the soft light of

The rays of the orb of night fell upon a huge gray wolf, who walked erect like a man! The face of the wolf was that of a human. In the paw of the beast glistened the tomahawk of the red-man, the edge now scarlet with the

blood of the Shawnee chief. For a moment the moon looked upon the huge and terrible figure, and then, as if struck with deadly fear at the awful sight, hid itself behind a dark cloud.

When it again came forth the strange and terrible being, that wore the figure of a wolf and the face of a man, had disappeared, swallowed up in the gloom of the forest. Once again the creatures of the night came

forth. Again the shrill cries broke the stillness of the wood.

THE MARK ON THE TREE.

Two rifle-"cracks" broke the stillness of the wilderness, that stretched in one almost unbroken line from the Alleghany and Blue Ridge peaks to the Ohio river. The reports re-echoed over the broad expanse of the Kanawha and Ohio rivers, for the shots were fired near the junction of the two streams—fired so nearly at the same time that the two seemed almost like

Then, before the smoke of the rifles had curled lazily upward in spiral rings on the air, came a crash in the tangled underbrush, and forth into a little open glade—the work of Nature's master hand—dashed a noble buck. The red stream bursting from a wound just behind the shoulder and staining crimson the glossy brown coat of the forest lord, told plainly that he was stricken unto death.

The buck gained the center of the glade, then his stride weakened; the dash through the thicket was the last despairing effort of the poor brute to escape from the invisible foes whose death-dealing balls had pierced his side. With a moan of pain, almost human in its expression, the buck fell upon his knees, then

rolled over on his side, dead.

The brute had fallen near the trunk of a large oak tree—a tree distinguished from its neighbors by a blazon upon its side, whereon, in rude characters, some solitary hunter had Scarcely had the death-bleat of the buck

came dashing through the woods, each eager to be the first to secure the game. One of the two was some twenty yards in advance of the other, and reached the body of

pierced the silence of the glen, when two men

the dead buck just as his rival emerged from

Placing his foot upon the buck, and rifle in hand, he prepared to dispute the quarry with the second hunter, for both men-strangers to each other—had fired at the same deer. The hunter who stood with his foot upon

the buck, in an attitude of proud defiance, had reloaded his rifle as he ran, and was prepared to defend his right to the game to the bitter end. In person, the hunter was a muscular, wellbuilt man, standing some six feet in hight. Not a clumsy, overgrown giant, hardly able to bear his own weight, but a man as supple and as active as a panther. He was clad in buckskin hunting-shirt and leggings, made in the the Alleghany stream to the level prairies respect, and that was that no gaudy ornaments where the Wabash and the White pour their decorated the garments. Upon the feet of the muddy tide into the great river of the New hunter were a pair of moccasins. A cap rudely fashioned from a piece of deer-skin, and with the little flat tail of the animal as an ornament, completed the dress of the hunter.

The face of the man was singular to look upon. The features were large and clearly cut. noise of the rustling branches, came a dark form.

As the form stole, with noiseless tread across the moonlit glade, it displayed the person of an Indian warrior.

Indian warrior.

The hunter was quite young-not over twenty-five, though deep lines of care were upon

the face. The second hunter, who came from the tanyond the glade, but a hundred yards or so. gled thicket, but paused on the edge of the little statement of the satisfied that the deer was thoroughly the glen on beholding the threatening attitude. deer, was a man who had probably seen forty years. He, too, like the other, was of powerful the Ohio to whip any force these red devils can knife, thus: build, and his muscular frame gave promise of bring," said Lark.
great strength. "Well, they're awfully scattered, but I reckon

fringed and ornamented.

In his hand he bore one of the long rifles so common to the frontier settler of that time, for started to the station known as Point Pleasant. our story is of the year 1780.

The clear blue eye of the second hunter took in the situation at a glance. He readily saw that the man who shood so defiantly by the deer was not disposed to yield his claim to the animal without a struggle. So the second

hunter determined upon a parley. "Hello, stranger! I reckon we're both arter the same critter," said the hunter who stood on the edge of the little glade.

stood by the deer. ably, for he dropped the butt of his rifle to the for the war-path. ground, though he still kept his foot upon the deer's carcass.

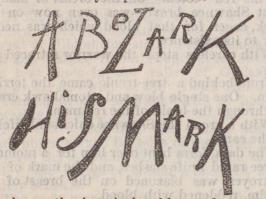
game. I think I hit him, an' of course, as it is waiting for the time to come when, like tigers, but nat'ral, you think so, too. So I reckon they could spring upon the pale-faces and red-we'd better find out which one of us he belongs den their weapons with the blood of their hated who was the Great Medicine Man of the Shawto; 'cause I don't want him if my ball didn't | foes. finish him, an' of course, you don't want him if he's mine by right," said the second hunter, approaching the other fearlessly.
"You're right, by hookey!" cried the other,

yielding to the influence of the good-humored tone of the other.

'Let me introduce myself, stranger, 'cos you seem to be a new-comer 'round hyer," said the old hunter. "My name's Daniel Boone; mayhap you've heard of me."

Well, I reckon I have!" exclaimed the other, in astonishment. "Thar's few men on the border but what have heerd on you. I'm nation-a chief wise in council, brave on the right glad to see you, kurnel."

How may I call your name?" asked Boone, who had taken a fancy to the brawny stranger. "Thar's my mark-my handle," said the stranger, pointing as he spoke to the name carved on the tree-trunk by which the deer had fallen; "that's me."



Such was the inscription blazoned upon the trunk of the oak.

"You see, kurnel, the buck evidently thought that it was a ball from my rifle that ended him, cos he laid down to die right under my name," said the hunter, with a laugh.
"Abe Lark!" Boone read the inscription up-

on the tree aloud. "Yes, that's me, kurnel; your'n to command," replied the hunter.

Stranger in these parts?" questioned "Yes," replied the other; "I've jest come

down from the north. I camped hyar last night, an' this morning I jest put my mark onto the tree, so that folks might know that I was 'round.' 'I'm right glad to meet you," and Boone

shook hands warmly with the stranger hunter. 'And while you're in these parts, just take up your quarters with me. I'm stopping down yonder, at Point Pleasant, on a visit to some friends of mine. "Well, I don't mind, kurnel; I'll take your

invitation in the same good spirit that you offer "Now for the deer; let's see who the animal belongs to," cried Boone, kneeling down by the

'Why, kurnel, I resign all claim. It ain't for me to dispute with Kurnel Boone!" ex-

"Resign your claim?" cried Boone, in aston-ishment. "Not by a jugful. I'll wager my rifle ag'in' a pop-gun that you're as good a hand at the rifle as myself. It's just as likely to be your deer as mine.

Then the two carefully examined the carcass. They found the marks of the two bullets easily; both had struck the animal just behind the shoulder, but on opposite sides. It was difficult to determine which had inflicted the deathwound.

"Well, now, this would puzzle a lawyer," muttered Boone. S'pose we divide the animal, share and

share alike," said Lark. "That's squar'," replied Boone. "We'll take the buck in to the station. By the way, what's the news from the upper settlements?"

Boone was astonished at the news. On the war-path ag'in, eh? What tribe?" "The Shawnees and the Wyandots? The Shawnees and the Wyandots!" cried

Boone: "then we'll see fire and smell gunpowder round these parts before long." I shouldn't wonder," said the other. "Well, I'm glad that you have brought the

news. We'll be able to prepare for the imps. "You can depend upon it," said Lark; " s friend of mine has been right through the to the settlements in greater force than was rear. ever known before. They've been stirred up by the British on the border. I did heer say that the British Governor agrees to give so much apiece for white scalps to the red sav-

"The eternal villain!" cried Boone, indig-"The Injuns are a-goin' to try to wipe out all

time while it lasts," said Lark, soberly. "We'll have to face it," replied Boone. "Did your friend hear what chief was goin' to lead the expedition ag'in' us on the south?"

Yes; Ke-ne-ha-ha." "The-man-that-walks," said Boone, thought-

along our borders, I'm afeard." "Yes, and the renegade, Simon Girty, is to guide the Injuns."

"If I had him within reach of my rifle once, he'd never guide another Injun expedition ag'in' his own flesh and blood," said Boone, and his hand closed tightly around the riflebarrel.

Point Pleasant when I started up the buck this maked breast of the dead warrior. "The totem of the Wolf Demon Well, I'm right glad that it happened as it the chief.

did, 'cos I shouldn't have had the pleasure of meetin' you," said Boone. "Now, s'pose we swing the buck on a pole an' tote it in to the eyes and fear-stricken countenances showed The maiden had not been gone from the path many minutes when the hoof-stroke of a horse eyes and fear-stricken countenances showed rung out with a dull "thud" on the still air of station. I reasonably expect that there'll be plainly how deeply they were interested. some white faces over yonder when they hear | And what was the totem of the Wolf Dethat Ke-ne-ha-ha an' his Shawnees, to say no- mon? thin' of Girty, are on the war-path.'

He was dressed, like the first, in the forest that now that we know what's goin' on, we can garb of deer-skin, but his dress was gayly get men enough to give the Shawnees all the fighting that they want.'

Then the two slung the buck on a pole and

CHAPTER II. THE SECRET FOE.

In the pleasant valley of the Scioto, near what is now the town of Chillicothe, stood the principal village of the great Shawnee nationwarriors into the field-deadly enemies of the fight the Wolf Demon, who has stricken unto "Yes; it 'pears so," replied the other, who pale-faced intruder.

There was something apparently in the voice one used to the Indian customs, it would have their breast." of the last comer that impressed the first favor- been plain that the red-skins were preparing

The village was alive with warriors. Gaylypainted savages, decked with ocher and ver-"Well, stranger, we can't both have the milion, strutted proudly up and down, eagerly

> Over the village ruled the great chief, Ke-neha-ha, or, "The-man-that-walks"-so termed, Shawnee, Wyandot, or Mingo; second, that, preparing to set out on his expedition against of a Huron village, literally walked among the sleeping warriors, and brought back to his comrades the scalp of a great Huron chief, whom he had dispatched without alarming the sleepwar-path, and wily as the red fox.
>
> In the village of the red-men were two whose

heart. The two were renegades from their spoke: country and their kin.

These two stood together by the river's bank, and idly watched the daring and howling warriors. They were dressed in the Indian fashion, and were sinewy, powerful men in build.

The taller of the two, whose hair and eyes were dark, was called Simon Girty. At one time he had been reputed to be one of the best in astonishment. scouts on the border, but, for some reason, he had forsaken the settlements and found a home I have been at upper Sandusky, with the Wywith the fierce red-men of the forest-wild, andots." giving up home, country, friends, every thing. He had been adopted into the Indian tribe, and the Wolf Demon first appeared.' none of his red-skinned brothers seemed to bear as deadly a hatred to the whites as this mystery. renegade, Simon Girty.

Girty was of the Wyandots.

break the power of the whites along the Ohio. British Governor. Kentucky never saw such a slayer. He was only stunned, and recovered. force upon her border as this will be," replied He reported that he was attacked by a huge the other.

Girty, moodily. Indian village. The braves stopped their sports | monster as it struck him down with a tomato listen. They knew the signal well: it was hawk that the beast held in its paws. And the wail for the dead. It told that some Shawnee warrior had gone to the spirit-land.

The cry of anguish came from a party of nee nation.' braves entering the village from the south. In their midst they bore what seemed, to the eyes of the renegades, a human body. The warriors deposited their burden before

the door of the council-lodge.

Attracted by the death-note, Ke-ne-ha-ha, the great chief of the Shawnees, came from his The chief was a splendid specimen of a man.

He stood nearly six feet in hight, and was as straight as an arrow. He was quite light in hue for an Indian, and his features were intel- one of the wild flowers that bloomed unseen igent and finely cut.

Astonishment flashed from his eyes as he tumultuous Kanawha. gazed upon the face of the dead Indian, around whom, at a respectful distance, were grouped | back from her olive-tinged brow, browned by the Shawnee warriors.

The chief recognized the features of the brave known as Little Crow, a stout warrior, and re- the surface of the rolling river. puted to be one of the best fighting-men in all the Shawnee nation. "Wah!" said the chief, in a tone that betray-

Manitou's bosom. Let my braves speak—who | sweetness in their graceful curves. has taken the life of the Shawnee warrior?"

lar warrior, known as Watega. "Little Crow Indian-fighter on the Western border, and who woods of the Scioto. He was a great warrior; Well, nothing particular, 'cept that the red | his arm was strong-his feet swift on the trail. | the country around. devils are on the war-path ag'in," replied Lark. He told his brothers that he would return before So, by virtue of her father's wealth, as well the Scioto they found him, but the hatchet of a foe had taken the life of the Little Crow."

ted blood marked the spot.

The head of the chief had been split open by and of the neighboring stations had sought to a single blow, and that dealt by a giant's hand. | gain the favor of the winsome maid, but to all The wound had apparently been made by a tomahawk, and, as the chief guessed, the dead Shawnee country. They are coming down on- man had been attacked suddenly, and from the give her heart had not yet met her eye; but

> "Did my warriors find no trail of the enemy who took the life of their brother?" asked the chief, still keeping his position by the body, and with a puzzled look upon his face. "Wah!—the Shawnee braves have eyes—

they are not blind, like owls in the light. trappings of fashion. When they found the Little Crow dead, they looked for the track of the foe. They found | told her mission. footprints by the body, but the trail came from nowhere and went nowhere." "And the footprints-Indian or pale face?"

man," answered the brave.

The brow of the chief grew dark. A white foe so near the village of the Shawnee, and so through the village, and taking the trail that fully. "He's one of the best warriors in all the daring as to attack and kill one of the best war- led to the south, along the bank of the stream, Shawnee nation. Blood will run like water riors of the tribe, apparently without a strug- soon left the settlement behind. gle, must needs be looked after.

"My braves must hunt down the pale-fa the tomahawk," said the chief, gravely.

Then Ke-ne-ha-ha drew aside the blanket and their red neighbors for some time. that was wrapt around the body of the dead brave. A cry of horror broke from the lips of mile, then, turning abruptly to the east, entered the great chief, and was re-echoed by the sur- a little defile, where the blackberries grew "I was jest on my way to the settlement at rounding Indians when they gazed upon the thick and rank.

On the naked breast of the brawny dead

And the blood, congealing on the skin, formed a Red Arrow. It was the totem of the Wolf Demon—the in-

visible and fatal scourge of the great Shawnee nation. Thus he marked his victims. The chief arose with a troubled look upon his haughty face.

"Let my people sing the death-song, for a brave warrior has gone to the spirit-land. Kene-ha-ha will seek the counsel of the Great the Indian tribe that could bring ten thousand Medicine Man, so that he may learn how to death the great braves of the Shawnee nation, All was bustle within the Indian village. To and put the totem of the Red Arrow upon

> Sorrowfully the warriors obeyed the words of the chief, and soon the sound of lamentation wailed out loud on the air, which, but a moment before, had resounded with the glad shouts of triumph.

The death of one of the principal warriors of his tribe by the dreaded hand of the Wolf De-

first, because he was reputed to be the fastest mon, almost within the very precincts of his runner of any red braves in the Ohio valley, village, and at the very moment when he was when a youth, on his first war-path against the the whites, seemed like an omen of evil. A Hurons, he had stolen by night into the midst | dark cloud descended upon his soul, despite all his efforts to remove it. The two renegades had joined the circle

around the dead Indian, and had listened to the story of how he met his death. Then, when ers—the greatest warrior in all the Shawnee the circle had broken up, they had slowly nation—a chief wise in council, brave on the walked back again to their former position by the bank of the river.

A puzzled look was upon Girty's face. After skins were white, though they were Indians at | they had resumed their former station, he

"Dave, the words of the chief are a mystery to me, though the Indians seem to understand them well enough. What did he mean when he spoke of the Wolf Demon? and what did that mark of a Red Arrow, cut on the breast of the

"Why, don't you know?" asked the other, "No; you forget that for the past six months

"Yes; and it is just about six months since

"Explain," said Girty, unable to guess the "I will. For the past six months some mys-

Ris companion was not quite so tall, or as | terious being has singled out the warriors of the stoutly built. He was called David Kendrick, Shawnee tribe for his victims. He always and was an adopted son of the Shawnees, as seems to take them by surprise; single war-"This is going to be a bloody business," said | those he kills he leaves, as his mark, three Girty, as he surveyed the yelling Indians, who were busy in the "scalp-dance."

"Yes, our chief, Ke-ne-ha-ha, has sworn to "But the name of the Wolf Demon?"

"But the name of the Wolf Demon?"

"I will explain. One Indian alone has lived The braves are well provided with arms by the to tell of an encounter with this mysterious gray wolf, with a man's head—the face painted "The more the better," said the renegade, black and white. The wolf stood on its hind legs like a man, but in hight far out-topping Then a howl of anguish rung through the any human. He caught a glimpse of the that's the story of the Wolf Demon, who has killed some of the bravest warriors of the Shaw-

"But what do you think it is?" "I reckon it's the devil," said the renegade, solemnly.

CHAPTER IH.

A TIMELY SHOT. From one of the largest of the dwellings that Pleasant came a young girl.

Dark-brown hair rippled in wavy masses exposure to the free winds of the wilderness and the sunbeams that danced so merrily over The bright color in the cheeks of the girl, her

free step, that possessed all the grace and lightness of the bounding fawn, told of perfect and stab him in some vital part before he could ed deep astonishment, "the soul of the Little health, as also did the sparkling brown eyes and Crow has gone to the spirit-land—he rests in rose-red lips that seemed to hold such dewy The maiden was known as Virginia Treveling.

"Let the chief open his ears and he shall She was the daughter of General Lemuel Trevhear," replied one of the braves, a tall, muscu- eling, a man who had great experience as an went forth, last night, to hunt the deer in the had settled down in Point Pleasant, and was rifle. reputed to be by far the wealthiest man in all

he spirit-lights (stars) died. He did not come. as by the aid of her own beauty, Virginia His brothers sought for him. By the banks of Treveling was the belle of the station known as Point Pleasant. Her right to the title was not disputed, and

Then the chief knelt by the side of the body and examined the wound in the head; the clot- was beautiful. Many of the young men of Point Pleasant

> she said, nay. The man to whom the fair girl would freely Virginia was young—scarcely old enough to be

wooed and won. The maid was clad in simple homespun garments, the work of her own hands, for she was a true American girl, a daughter of the frontier, and looked not with favor upon the gaudy

The little tin pail that she carried in her hand The great blackberries were shining in huge purple clusters in the rocky passes that sur-

rounded Point Pleasant, and, like the fortifica-"Pale-face, but the moccasins of the red- tions of the olden time, seemed to forbid ap-With her light, graceful step, the girl passed

There was little danger in this incursion into

the deep woods, for the Indians were on the that wears the moccasin of the Indian and uses northern bank of the Ohio; and then, too, there had been peace between the settlements The girl followed the trail for about half a

Picking the berries as she went slowly along, "The totem of the Wolf Demon!" exclaimed she soon lost sight of the trail leading from the

the forest.

A horseman was approaching from the south. A traveler, probably, from Virginia. Then the horseman came into sight. He was ture. It will prove very popular.

leafed felt hat, that shaded the sun from his eyes. A short German rifle, carrying a ball of forty to the pound, and richly ornamented on the stock with silver, was resting across his saddle in front of him. A keen-edged huntingknife, the blade some eighteen inches in length, was thrust through the leather belt that girded in his waist.

The face of the young horseman was a frank and honest one. The full, steel-blue eyes showed plainly both courage and firmness. The handsome, resolute mouth confirmed this. In figure, the rider was about the medium size, but his well-built, sinewy form gave prom-

ise of great muscular power. The rider was named Harvey Winthrop. A descendant was he of one of the staunch old Puritan fathers. And now he was seeking his fortune in the far Western wilds, for the fickle goddess had not smiled upon the young man. A student at a foreign university, he had been hurriedly called home by the sickness of his father, his only parent. He arrived just in time to close that father's eyes. And when he Slowly and with knitted brows Ke-ne-ha-ha etook himself to the lodge of the old Indian sessor of a goodly fortune, he discovered that some few hundred dollars was all in the world

that he could call his own. Young Harvey Winthrop, though, had the right stuff in his nature. Bidding his friends adieu, he set forth to make new ones, and to carve out for himself a fortune by the banks of the "Beautiful River"—the Ohio.

So it is that, on that pleasant summer's day the young Bostonian found himself on the trail leading to Point Pleasant, and was fast approaching that station. "The settlement can not be far off now," he

said, musing to himself as he rode along, and, rising in his stirrups, he strove with his gaze to penetrate through the mazes of the almost trackless forest before him. Then, to the astonished ears of the young

man came a woman's scream, evidently given under great alarm. The traveler checked his horse and snatched

the rifle from the saddle. Again on the still air rung out the scream, shrilly, coupled with a cry for help. The cry came from the ravine on the right. In a second he leaped from the saddle, and, rifle in hand, plunged into the ravine. His

horse—a well-trained beast—remained motion-

less on the spot where his rider had left him. The young man dashed up the steep ascent at reak-neck speed. The noise made by his steps fell upon the ears of the woman who uttered the scream. She

knew that help was near. A few steps more and the young man beheld a scene which nearly froze his blood with hor-

Fleeing down the ravine came a young girl -who, even at this moment of excitement, he riors alone he attacks. And on the breast of noticed was beautiful, almost beyond expression; and behind her, in full pursuit, was a huge

The girl was Virginia Treveling. In her search for berries she had stumbled upon the bear, who was busily engaged feasting upon the luscious fruit.

But Bruin, in a twinkling, forsook the berries for the human. Then from the lips of the girl came the shrill creams that had brought the traveler to her

The girl reached the young man. "Keep on, Miss," he cried, quickly; "fly for our life! I'll keep the brute at bay. Small time was there for conversation, for the bear, at his lumbering trot, was coming

rapidly onward. "He will kill you!" cried the terrified girl. "Yes, and you, too, if you don't run," said the young man, coolly. "One life is enough;

so save yours." "I will not go!" exclaimed the girl. "Give me your powder-flask and a bullet. After you fire, if you miss him, I can load." The hunter threw a glance of admiration at

composed the little frontier settlement of Point | the heroic maid who seemed so cool at this moment of danger; but he did as she requested She was about sixteen, and was as pretty as Then, as the bear came on, he leveled his rifle at the brute, and sighting one of his eyes, fired. amid the rocky ravines through which ran the But the bear swerving in its course at the moment, the ball glanced across his bony head and shot off as if it had been but a boy's marble.

The beast paused for an instant, shook its head as if annoyed, then, with an angry growl, he came straight upon the young man. Winthrop had handed his rifle to the girl, and, drawing his knife, awaited the onset. His only hope of escape was to close in with the animal

use the terrible claws and teeth. The bear reared on its hind legs and prepared o seize the young man with open mouth.

Winthrop felt that the crisis had come. The young man raised his knife to plunge it into the shaggy breast before him, while, with eager but trembling hands, the girl reloaded the But the sharp crack of a rifle came quick on

Winthrop heard the "hiss" of a bullet that whirled past, close to his ear. Then, with a grunt of agony, the bear fell over on its side, clawed the air wildly for a moment—growled in pain, and sunk into the silence of death. The rifle-ball which had passed so near to the

ear of the young man had entered the body of the bear between the fore-legs and buried itself in the great red heart. Winthrop could hardly believe his eyes when ne beheld the grim king of the forest lying in death at his feet; when he saw the huge paws notionless that he had expected to feel tearing

is own flesh. He had been saved almost by a miracle. A timely shot, and a good one, for an inch ither way would have missed the heart of the pear or killed the young hunter. Winthrop felt that both he and the beautiful

irl had been saved by the shot of the, as yet, The young man looked for his preserver. Judge of his astonishment when forth from the bushes that fringed the rocks, with a rifle in

A NEW HIT:

(To be continued.)

In this number of the SATURDAY JOURNAL We give the commencement of DICK DARLING

The Pony Express-Rider. A TALE OF THE OLD OVERLAND TRAIL. BY LAUNCE POYNTZ.

A brilliant, exciting and markedly original ronance, introducing as actors some or the "queerest customers" that our wild mining and frontier life produces; and embodying, as a story, many exceedingly delightful and hrilling elements of interest. The romance is a worthy companionpiece to the noted "Overland Kit," although wholly unlike it in story, character and adven-

WHEN!

BY L. C. GREENWOOD.

When weary cares aside are thrown, And calm repose has conquered us,
To hold each one in dreams his own,
In which a spell has anchored us;
How many sit and weep alone
O'er grief which ne'er has cankered us!

When at a revel banquet hall
Each heart has cast aside its woes,
And merriment holds it in thrall,
The clinking wine-cup overflows;
How many there have found their fall,
And could a wretched tale disclose!

When true love springeth in the breast,
And paints its dreamings all so bright,
That are among the life's most blest,
And eager hearts would stay their flight;
How many are there who oppressed
By hate, weep tears thro' Sorrow's night! When luxuries of life we taste,

And count our hoarded golden store,
On which so many joys are based—
We fear not want, but dream of more.
How many forms 'neath illness waste,
And feel the world's delusions sore. When Heaven's gates at last are oped, When Heaven's gates at last are oped,
And saintly forms around it throng.
Who, all their lives, have longed and hoped
To enter there and join in song.
How many who earth's darkness groped,

In light eternal shall grow strong.

Lost, Wedded, Widowed and Rewon. A STORY OF TRIALS AND BALMS.

BY A. P. MORRIS, JR., AUTHOR OF "STEALING A HEART," "BLACK HAND,"
"IRON AND GOLD," "RED SCORPION," "PEARL OF
PEARLS," "HERCULES, THE HUNCHBACK," "CAT
AND TIGER," "FLAMING TALISMAN," ETC.

CHAPTER VIII. SPIRITED AWAY. "Oh, Love! where is the heart that knows not thee?"

Farewell—and blessings on thy way Where'er thou go'st * * * " -MOORE "Hush-oh, Heaven! a moment more, A breath, a step, and all is o'er!"

JEROME bounded forward toward the point where the frightful face had peered round at them and startled them with its goblin look. But when he reached the spot, there was no-

thing there. He saw a dwarfish figure fleeing along the beach—saw it dimly, for the sun had gone down, and twilight had deepened nearly into night.

"Oh, Jerome!" Ytol had gained his side, and clung tremblingly to his arm "Don't be frightened, Ytol."

"It was so horrible!" said the girl, shudder-"But harmless, I guess. See-there he goes; you can hardly discern him, it is so dark.

She would not look. "Come," he added, "it's getting late. We'd better return to the kotel." Gathering up the rug and the books, they eft the retreat, and took their way slowly over

he sands. Ytol was silent. The deathly pallor was still in her features; and Jerome noticed that her whole frame quivered. "Now, don't be alarmed," he said: "it was

nothing, after all. Some uncouth fisherman, no doubt, not yet washed, after a day's toil, who spied us by chance.

'No goblin he; no imp of sin: No crimes had ever known!"" "But," faltered Ytol, "I have seen that terrible face before. "Very possible. We often see the same object a dozen times in the course of a life; that's

not uncommon. Don't worry over it." He spoke playfully, and laughed at the affair, trying to banish the fears which, he perceived, preyed upon her. His efforts were vain. A strange, clammy

sensation crept into her heart, a chilly foreboding was upon her, perceptible, though she tried to hide her condition. "Think no more of it, Ytol"-seriously. You are too timid."

"Jerome, there's something dreadful about to happen, I know-" "Pshaw!" "I feel it, Jerome; I can't shake it off. The face of that man—if it was a man—is not new to me. I have seen it before-and it was in

some wild tableau of confusion, a scene in

which, I am almost sure, I also saw this ocean. It must have been many, many years ago, so far back that my head aches when I strive to remember. Oh! if I could only recall—" "There, there," laughed Jerome; "it's a clear case of momentary insanity. You'll put me in a shiver, presently, with this talk of 'graves and worms and epitaphs.'

Quit, in mercy. I feel already as if I had slimy eels crawling down my back." They were approaching the hotel porch, where an unusual throng moved busily to and "By Jove !- excuse my exclamation-we've

lost our supper, Ytol. A hop to-night. You must hurry to your room, and 'fix up'-so must I. Remember, you are mine for the whole evening, by promise of two days ago." Ytol retired to prepare for the hop. She was in a poor humor for the occasion; her neart was heavy, and her head ached. But she nad promised Jerome her society, and must not lisappoint him.

Bella was dancing about the room, en dishaille, in a high state of excitement. "At last!" she exclaimed, breathlessly, when Ytol entered. "I think I'll put you and Jerome in a bag, and tie a string round it! I've got so much to do, I don't know where to begin-and you've been a-courting with your lover, while I'm on pins waiting for you. Ytol, you're a goner! Save me a piece of the wedding-cake, and I'll be godmother to the first heir! But hurry up!—we haven't a min-ute. You fix my hair, Ytol, and I'll fix yours. hand—a very forest queen—came a young girl! I wear a red rose in my bosom, to-night, for a signal. Ha! ha! ha! Jolly! A love-sick cavalier with a Napoleonic mustache—smitten to death. I suppose you'll monopolize Jerome, of

> crazy for a dance!' The music was sounding in the long hall, and the fashionables were assembled en masse -numbers from the other hotels and vicinity; all aglitter, aglow, astir, in a brilliant gathering

to the revelries of Terpsichore. But our interest does not lie in the ball-room. About half-past eleven, when the bursts of pleasure and raptures of flirtation were at their hight, Jerome drew Ytol away from the whirling scene, and led her out to the broad lawn.

They were alone in the stillness of the night, where none could see nor hear, and the melodies of music reached faintly to their ears. "Ytol," he said, with a calmness that was strangely impressive, "I want to speak to you

once more upon the subject of our conversation this afternoon, on the beach." He paused. The hand that rested in his arm began to tremble; but her lips were closed.

course. Poor Jerome: he's got it bad! When's the marriage? Quick, Ytol-I'm perfectly

"I want you to marry me, Ytol. I'll take you away from here; we'll travel through the Old World, and see all those sights you have so often told me you yearned for. My life, so far, has been aimless. You are the first woman I ever loved, since my dear mother died. I want | Gossip readily manufactured tales and hints in you to see how great that love is. I'll try to conjecture. make your life one never-ending hour of contentment and joy. Tell me, now: won't you be my wife?" "Jerome, I can not."

Her head was drooping; the answer came hushedly, yet it was prompt. "Do you love me?"

"Heaven knows I love you, Jerome." "Then what is the secret that keeps you from me?"

There was no reply. Ytol was suffering, then, more than he could dream of. "Are you made of stone, Ytol?" he asked, bitterly.

"Oh! Jerome, I dare not marry you-I could not. I tell you I love you; but it is not overhead. such a love as you seek and deserve, it is not the love a wife should bear her husband. You off on the horizon, and faint boomings of have been as a kind brother to me—and I have der warned of an approaching tempest. prayers, night and day. But I have no feeling beyond that. It were a sin for you and I to wed, when you would be sure to be disappoint
To was flung backward across the cabin, to troit was skinning over to was flung backward across the cabin, to terring dizzily. She grasped blindly at a chair—missed it, and fell to the floor, rendered her sweet face radiant with the sublime calm waves. so few friends that I have blessed you in my ed in me. Won't you continue to be my brother? Oh! if you only knew!-if you only knew!" The last like a wail, the moaning of an anguished spirit that then controlled her.

"If I only knew what, Ytol?" She was weeping, and made no answer to his question.

This is a rejection, then." "We can not marry, Jerome; my conscience forbids it."

"Be it so. I bid you farewell to-night, Ytol." "Oh, don't go away," she said, clinging

tighter to him. "It would be torturing to me to remain-"

" Don't leave me!" "On this very spot. . . . I hope you may be happy, Ytol. I wish I knew the secret—for it must be more than what you have told methat places this cruel barrier between us. But, I'll not question you. I accept my fate. Once to give me true joy-that something yourself. You have denied me the boon. I shall try to survive this, by roaming out my loneliness in other lands. If we should ever meet again, and no other has won you for a bride, Time may, perhaps, have altered your heart, and I may taste the sweets that have here been held elbow, and gazing hard at the mask. out to me in hope, then dashed to atoms. I but now-farewell, Ytol, farewell!" He dis- | before you." placed her hand and stepped quickly back.

"Jerome! Jerome! Come back!—don't leave me forever!" He was gone. He had pressed her hand in an icy grasp, then glided from her side, struggling manfully to crush the emotion that was

rising in his breast. For a second she stood riveted, her eyes straining after him. Then her hands clasped and writing together convulsively, and she sunk sobbing to the sandy sward.

Hark! another footstep blending in Jerome's, but this swift, stealthy, catlike as it rustled the

weedy, close-cut grass. A dwarfed form rose out of the shadowy surrounding, and stole forward toward herfollowed by a second, a female, moving as swift, noiseless, significant.

Danger hovered thick near Ytol, though she knew it not.

"Oh, Jerome! you think I have no heart, no do not believe me, then test it." passion, no feeling. Heaven help me! I am misetable enough without your disfavor; ay, miserable enough to bless the veriest beggar for a friendly deed or word. How could you leave me so?-you, the only man who has gladdened my moments with a brother's love. And have I done right? Why should I still be true to Wharle? I may never see him again; and if I did, we could be nothing to each other. I might make Jerome happy, even if I—" She stopped short as her ear caught the stealthily-

approaching footsteps. Her immediate impression was that Jerome was returning. A wild impulse seized her. She | lineament. would take back the words that had made him so sorrowful; she would-

"Jerome! Oh! Jerome!" But it was not Jerome. She saw two spectral figures darting upon her-a thrill of fear came over her, and his name froze on her part-

pair of strong arms, and a handkerchief, satu- | you! rated with chloroform, was pressed down over

her mouth and nostrils. "Ha! h-a! we have her at last. Tight, Catdjo!—hold her tight!"

Ytol struggled desperately; but it was not When she lay limp and still she was grasped

up in the muscular arms, and borne rapidly away toward the beach. Her captors were Dwilla St. Jean and the

On the sands a life-boat was in waiting, and

three men stood ready to launch it. Ytol was deposited in the stern sheets; and, watching their opportunity, the boat was run out between the break of the waves. Catdjo the malicicious voice. "Look: do you see and the men tumbled to their oars, pulling stur-leveling and shaking supple reed in the sweeping blast. Clouds and mountain of water that wrenched her from her dily in the direction of a bright light that rode on the billows ahead.

shot through the air in pursuit, uttering a loud, angry yelp. It was Carlo.

The dog fell short of the boat, and was thrown back upon the sands on the crest of the flood-tide breakers. He essayed again to follow; but he could not, and each moment his vour father he owes it all! Catdjo seeks vendated. The captain—bareheaded, long hair streaming in the gale, and with mien of an important ated for such a scene—laid hold upon the tiller, mistress was receding further and further with geance. I have no special hate for you; but I at the chains, to assist. her captors, till she was utterly lost in the must talk and act for him. He swore the oath "Hold fast! keep her up!" he roared; and gloom.

rose the dog's long, doleful howl of distress. All search proved unavailing of course. When tim, and you are to die, to wipe out the wrong they had hunted everywhere around the hotel, your flesh has perpetrated. See, Catdjo!-the and day-dawn was near at hand, Harry Drew ran down to the beach to see if there were any traces of her having been there. Perhaps, had he seen the furrow from the boat-keel and the | rigid as marble. numerous footprints, his suspicions would have been aroused; but there had been a severe was worked upon by the recounting of his instorm toward morning, and an unusually high juries. His dull orbs lighted up and burned tide, and the tracks were obliterated.

him thither from the plank walk.

Carlo!" The dog yelped and barked, and turned his whining howl of an angry animal issued from were full of an expression of fear.

muzzle toward the sea, and there were tears of his throat, he straightened and strained his Ytol had recovered from the insensibility grieving in his great black eyes. He seemed arms at his side and gazed as if transfixed in caused by her heavy fall. She was on her inconsolable; and Harry thought he read in passion.

his actions the story of Ytol's fate. "Ytol must have been drowned!" he groaned, shuddering. "How could it have happened? How am I to tell the news?"—and, as if When we enter its waters, you are going over- der rumbled in her ears.

perished: "Ytol! Ytol! where are you?" But the breaking day showed him a spotless in the young girl, and she wailed: conviction that she was lost wrung his honest breast, and he turned sadly away from the lash- leaven, spare me! Take me back to my hungry elements. ing surf.

Carlo followed, anon pausing and looking back, uttering low whines.

Next day Jerome, too, was missing. He had disappeared as strangely as Ytol. The whole was a mystery, for which Madame

CHAPTER IX. THE THREAT OF DOOM. "That sudden gushing of our vain despair, When none but God can hear or heed our call."

'The night came down in terror. Through the air Mountains of clouds, with lurid summits, rolled; The lightning kindling with its vivid glare Their outlines, as they rose, heaped fold on fold, Their outlines, as they lose, deap.

The wind, in fitful gusts, swept o'er the sea.''

—Sargent.

DURING the evening dark clouds had gathered in the western sky, drawing slowly higher and higher in the heavens till the stars disappeared, and an impenetrable gloom lowered

There were occasional lightning-flashes far off on the horizon, and faint boomings of thun-

Heedless of this, a yacht was skimming over

guished, and the lantern at the helm only glimmered faintly in the inky blackness. In the cabin, on one of the curtained bunks, lay Ytol-pale as a corpse, and seemingly dead.

The red light in her bows had been extin-

and to the realization of new terrors. A female, masked, and wearing a hooded cloak, stood beside the bunk, holding aside the

faded draperies, and bending forward to watch the quivering lid and lash of the captive. Behind the masked figure stood Catdjo. The Dwarf's eyes were fixed on the couch | way to the rudder-wheel. with their old vacant stare; his arms were folded across his breast. He was like an ugly that?"

image of wood, save that he swayed with the lurching of the craft. Pretty soon Ytol began to revive. There dim rays of the lantern, we discover the face of were symptoms of hysteria, convulsive trem- Dwilla St. Jean.

blings, and she half-moaned, half-laughed as I thought there might be something in the world | the drug gradually relaxed its influence upon her. Then the blue eyes opened wide. "Wake up, Ytol Dufour !- wake up !" called

the figure, leaning closer. Bewilderment still held the girl; for some moments she did not move a muscle. "Who are you?" she asked, starting to her

"One who has searched for Ytol Dufour shall never forget you, never cease to love you; these many years, and who sought your mother

Ytol Dufour?—Dufour? "That is Wharle's name-not mine," she thought, perplexed at the other's reply. "What can this mean? Oh! how my head pains me!" She pressed one hand across her eyes, for her vision was swimming, and her brain was aching

"Can you guess where you are?" "No-where?"

"In mid-ocean." "On the ocean!" incredulously.

"Far from friends, and in my power, Ytol Dufour. Do you hear?—you are being borne further and further from those who love you, deeper and deeper into the net of those who hate-who hate you, I say."

The disguised voice continued:

It seemed as if she was not yet awake. She they knew it by the motion of her light. could not comprehend; yet the voice was

threatening, penetrating, sharp in its accent.

flashed burningly on her as their owner spoke. Ytol's heart pulsed quicker, her face grew paler—if it were possible—as her eyes wandered to the hideous being who stood near the crash of the breakers on the shore. The purdoor. Her veins chilled as she recognized the suers were laying a point closer, slowly but

in the afternoon, at the nlet tryst. "Where are you taking me to?" she faltered, while a gathering fear was written in her every

"To your doom, Ytol Dufour!-the same doom which was meeted to Nora Dufour, your mother, by other hands than ours."

"My mother!" echoed Ytol. "But, my name is not Dufour-"It is. You are Ytol Dufour, the child of Nora Dufour, who was the last daughter of

Ere she could shrick she was encircled by a David Dane. And we hate you for it—we hate on the part of those in chase.

er, and clenching his fists "Oh! tell me!" cried Ytof, "did you know

by a man bribed to the deed by a brother of her husband. It saved us trouble. You will soon join her. You are to perish like her !!
"I? You are going to kill me?"

The figure nodded. cruel dream. It would be murder—you would-n't murder me! What have I done?—" The s

"A dream too real to doubt!" interrupted ing down with the force of a whirlwind. The and splinters round her. drunkard. Do you think there is pity in his on his buoyant vessel. Ytol was missed and promptly sought after. heart? Do not hope for it. You are his vic-

> picture! Ytol had listened, appalled. There was a look of terror in her starting eyes; she became

The Dwarf, while Ytol's tormentor spoke, malignantly. When she drew forth and held He met Carlo, whose deep wail had drawn up to his gaze the medallion picture we have seen her exhibit in a former chapter, Catdjo's she found Catdjo sitting in one corner, his limbs cry that seemed floating a long distance from ger "Carlo! Carlo! where's Ytol? Find her, visage, contorted and red, assumed an expres- drawn up to his chin. His teeth were chatter- her.

"Can you pray?" interrogated the female, rible storm; she heard the sounds of straining turning abruptly to the startled captive. "Then timbers, the sough of the rushing wind, and pray now. We are making for Delaware Bay. her heart beat faster as peal after peal of thun-

friends-

"Take her back! Hear hear, Catdjo! Ha! seemed overwhelmed with fright, and shrunk

A guttural, chuckling, gagging sound came from Catdjo's thick lips. His face never relaxed its fierceness.

"Whoever you are," cried the now thoroughly affrighted girl, "have mercy. Let me re-

"Ha! ha! ha! ha!"-a grating, heartless escape!"

in the direction of the door. lirious with the sudden comprehension of her | yet keenly alive to his thirst for vengeance." real danger.

"Stop her, Catdje!-stop her!" The Dwarf caught her rudely by the arm—a grip that wrung from her a shriek of pain. "Ugh!" he grunted, holding her struggling

form in his vise-like grip.

till you go to your death!"

Ytol was flung backward across the cabin, girl?"

for admittance on the door panel. The masked female turned the key in the lock, and was confronted by the captain of the yacht: a villainous-looking fellow, with muddy But there was life in the motionless form, to eyes and a gruff voice; just the individual to God from whose hand sped the fury of the return with all its pangs and weary weights, aid in an abduction, or prove handy in a grosser

"Come on deck," he growled.

"What do you want?" she demanded. "There's somethin' s'picious follerin' after us, like mad. I want you to see it." She followed him on deck, and he led the

"Look thar," pointing astern, "d'ye see The figure had removed the mask while

She gazed hard through the murk in the direction indicated. At first she could discern nothing; but, as her vision accustomed itself to men are working like mad. But 'tain't no use the strain, she beheld something like a light, or | the bow's stove, an' we're goners! Here it is a faintly wavering halo, that appeared to be now!"

following them closely, and which was perceptibly gaining on them. "What is it?" Dwilla asked. "What? Well, you ain't as smart as I ute!" thought you was, for a young business gal. That 'ere's a yacht."

"A vacht?" "Yes; an' they're after us." "Ha! can it be we are pursued?" "Comin' up purty lively, too," added the

captain, rough and frowning. "Are you sure?" "Just as sure as I am that we're goin' to have a small hurricane after a bit—an' that's purty sure, isn't it? Hear the thunder?" Dwilla had paid no heed to the rapidly ap-

proaching tempest till this moment. Even as the captain spoke, a vivid flash lighted up the heavens and the sea, followed by a loud peal of thunder overhead. "Do you hear Jove a-speakin'?"

"Change your course a little, captain," requested Dwilla, oblivious to his remark, as she Ytol was dumb with a nameless feeling. kept her straining eyes on the glimmer astern. He gave a quick order to the man at the "You are completely in my power; no one helm. The yacht fell off a point or two, rocknear to hear you, if you cry for help. If you ing giddily in its new track. The pursuing craft imitated them at once-

"Dowse that lamp some, Jack !" The lantern was shaded instantly; and Dwil-The orbs in the eyelets of the black mask la and the captain waited, in silence, to see the result, peering through the black surrounding.

same unearthly features that had terrified her, surely lessening the parallel. Another lightning flash !- illumining the skies

like day. Dwilla uttered a low cry.

The pursuers were close upon them; and brilliant light, like a luminous star, shone at into the waves. the masthead of the hounding yacht.

Simultaneously, too, a rifle report rung through the moan of the winds, and a bullet goughed spitefully over the bulwark. There was no longer any secrecy of intention

"Guess you're satisfied now, ain't you?" "Ugh!" grunted Cardjo, taking a step nigh- snarled the captain, ducking his head as the glare. leaden missile whizzed past.

"Are you going to take in sail?" my mother? What became of her—"
"Think of yourself now, and not her. She was cast from a vessel named the Gipsy Queen me if I don't!"
"Not exactly; I'll run her through under jib an' reef mains'l—or go to the locker—cuss me if I don't!" "Not exactly; I'll run her through under

"Give her all she will carry," said the girl. "Aren't you afeard?" "I fear nothing. We must elude that yacht at the risk of our lives."

"Plucky gal, that!" commented the captain, "No, no, no!" she screamed. "This is some as Dwilla hastened below to confer with the

The storm was upon them. It came howl-

ily in the direction of a bright light that rode in the billows ahead.

As the abductors made off, a shaggy object mark that he is silent?—he has no tongue! It is best in the billows and rode in the billows of foam and spray broke over them, burying the deck in drenching currents. But she shot upward from the depths, and rode yacht. was shot from his mouth by a pistol-ball, and your father held the weapon. Look at him, I say: is he not a sight to be jeered at and spit

The light astern had disappeared.

of vendetta at the very altar where Silas Du- he grinned like one who has passed through Then, amid the roar and surge of the ocean, four wedded your mother-Silas Dufour, the many such perils, and lived to pride himself

> CHAPTER X A VISION IN THE STORM. "'Tis fearful, on the broad-back'd waves;
> To feel them shake and hear them roar;
> Beneath, unsounded, dreadful caves;

"Alone in the dark, alone on the wave,

sion of diabolical fury. A sound like the ing as if with an ague, and his Satanic features

knees, praying. She knew they were in a ter-

unwilling to yield to the belief that she had perished: "Ytol! Ytol! where are you?"

But she was not terrified. The danger of the tempest was nothing compared to the presence of those who were carrying her to an os-

She contemplated him pityingly.
"Poor, miserable wretch!" passed rapidly in laugh; and then: "No mercy for the child of her mind. "Whenever there is a storm, he is Silas Dufour! H-a! catch her! Don't let her worse frightened than a child. And no wonscape!"

der. It was in a gale like this that he became
Ytol had leaped from the couch, and darted what he now is—ha! on the ocean, too. He

closer to the wall, each time the thunder burst.

to let your victim escape by turning coward?

gazed blankly at her with his distended eyes.

Up, I say!"

"Get up!" cried Dwilla. "Are you going

He only uttered a low, whining noise, and

has good cause to fear now, with a recollection It was mechanical, the impulse of her terror, of that night when he was stricken down. He for her heart was pulseless, and her mind de- has never been wholly sane since; half idiot, Then, turning sharply to Ytol:

"Ay, pray on, girl. Mayhap we are all to perish together—hawks and victim. Do you hear the vessel strain? If we spring aleak, we are lost. And we go down, down in the dark deep, to the cavern of monsters. Ha! ha! ha! "Not yet, Ytol Dufour!" taunted the wo- A pleasant death! Pray for your enemies, man voice. "You never leave this apartment too." She laughed in a harsh, desperate, hysterical way. "Are you not afraid to die,

At the same time there sounded a sharp rap | nestness of what her lips uttered.

A moment Dwilla paused, impressed, perhaps, by the young girl's attitude and whisper-Did she think, in this hour of crisis, of that

warring winds? Suddenly she started, and bent to listen.
Thud! Thump! Thud! Thump! Thud! Thump! fell upon her hearing; then the sound of running, scuffling feet above her. And again: thud! thump! thud! thump! "What can it mean?" she questioned, half-

aloud. The door flew open, and the captain-wild, haggard and drenching wet-rushed in.

It's all up!" he bellowed. "What is the meaning of that thumping ascending the short ladder, and now, by the noise?" Dwilla asked, calmly, though she perceived that he was greatly excited, and halfread the answer in his face. "It's all up, I say! Them's the pumps—the

> As he spoke, he pointed to a dark line of water creeping swiftly over the sill,

> "Can nothing be done?" "In ten minutes we'll sink! Old Nick him-

"D'ye see it?-here it comes, a foot a min-

elf couldn't save us!" 'Surely, there must be some hope?" Her voice was not so steady; she stared, and spoke was a plainly dressed gentleman, "you are rid in a subdued, unnatural tone. And, all the while, the pumps, griped by

maddened men: Thud! Thump! Thud! Thump! Thud! Thump!

"Nary a hope!" he exclaimed. "You'd better clean out mighty quick, an' grab a spar." Dwilla's composure deserted her. The yacht was sinking; death stared them in the face. She forgot Ytol; she forgot Catdjo; only one thing rose uppermost in her startled mind,

and that, the great anxiety of self-preservation. The water was already half an inch deep on the cabin floor! With a cry she sprung past the demon of a captain, and up the ladder-way.

On deck, she reeled with the twitching motion of the yacht-fell-regained her feet-then disappeared on the huge wave that swept from stern to stern. Cadtjo was close behind her. He acted as if crazed, chattering and gibbering with his

tongueless lips. Running fore and aft several times, tossing his arms aloft, he sprung upon the bow with a frantic leap. The doomed craft dipped a moment, then rose again with a slow struggle-but the Dwarf

was gone. A prolonged howl of despair was wafted away on the wind. "Overboard all!" shrieked the captain, in a frenzy. "Another minute, an' we'll go down with her! Jump, you rats !- jump!"

Like diving demons the men followed him, as when all was again enveloped in darkness, a he seized a plank and cast himself recklessly The yacht whirled dizzily round in the

trough of the sea, her mast fairly dipping from side to side, in the towering billows that now drove her completely at their mercy. Fiercer and fiercer howled the winds, louder and louder roared the surge, and deafening

thunder belched quicker on the lightning's But where was Ytol? See!—a form in drip-

ping white, with ghostly face, clutching at the She was trying to right the rolling, pitching, careening craft, her small, delicate arms nigh

breaking with the effort. Her lips were sternly compressed; she faced the showering spray, and stood like a frail

spirit defying the angry gods.

But she was helpless. Wave upon wave poured over the half-buried deck—the mast crashed down with a force that tore the plank ing and bulwarks asunder, scattering shreds

Ytol vanished in the whirling eddies, her hands clasped, and a prayer gurgling on her lips as she went down. Then she shot upward into the storm-tost air, clinging desperately to a spar which Heaven had thrown to her grasp. Round the fragile thing she clinched her aching arms-blind to the lightning, deaf to the thunder, scarce knowing what she did.

But suddenly her eyes opened. She heard a voice calling her name high above the roar of the ocean and the whistle of the winds. When next the lightning lighted up her dread surrounding, she saw a figure holding to the

opposite end of the spar.
"Ytol! Ytol!" rung through the pall of Again the lightning flashed, again she saw the figure. More: she recognized a familiar face

—recognized it, though she was incredulous. "Wharle! Wharle Dufour!" she shricked. "Yto!! It is I! Hold tight, for your life, WHEN Dwilla St. Jean returned to the cabin, Oh! Ytol! Ytol!" the last was a despairing

> "Wharle !- where are you ?" Only the screaming gale answered her. He had been torn from the spar and washed away. How came Wharle Dufour there? It was a singular meeting—amid the shadows of death, deep in the maelstrom of doom. It was a brief glimpse; when next the hea-

> > (To be continued—commenced in No. 187.)

tricks, and occasionally treated in a shuffling tisan did not then cease, but continued until The Dwarf was strangely affected. He manner, and then cut altogether.

vens flamed, she saw that she was alone.

WHAT TO DREAM.

BY A. P. MORRIS, JR.

Dreams? Ay, sink the brain in melancholy: Court vapors dim and vision all that's not, Or what, if 'twere, were novel to think on't. Close the eyes, glue the lips and stuff the ears 'Gainst all that passes in the weird surround: Then think of groans and tears, a harrowed soul, Thy tribulations—mock thine own within; Curse every thing that lives unlike thyself; Work! the heart impassioned restlessness; Growl, weep, defy the powers of The Dark—And thou wilt dream! Far better conjure all That do produce the misery of earth-Its vices, snares, besettings, trials, rude gibes And zero'd sympathy and else of slime, That thou mayst live awarn'd—than seek the air And reckless witchery of atmosphere Which doth inweb a dreamer of gilt domes And gaudy palaces but thin as naught!

The Swamp Fox.

BY MARK WILTON.

"HALT! Your money or your life!" A startling demand: an exciting scene. A rough road, winding through one of the most dreary of South Carolina swamps: where the thick trees arched over the damp road, and the moccasin-snake lay curled at the foot of the cypress—a dark and gloomy road even in the

Along this road a horseman had been swiftly riding, when suddenly a man had dashed into the road in front of him, seized his horse by the rein, forcing it back on its haunches, while

his voice rung out the above challenge. A coarse, brutal fellow, with a scarred cheek, bloodshot eyes, tangled hair and beard, and garments which hung in tatters; but, still armed with a frowning pistol and long-bladed knife. A most unenviable antagonist for the pale, slender stripling who bestrode the horse,

and who had not a weapon about him.
"Good sir," he said, "the last it is in your power to take, the former you must go elsewhere to obtain; I have not a penny about me!

"Liar!" cried the man; "you have even now two thousand dollars in your breast pocket." "A mistake, courteous sir; the money was

deposited in the bank by its owner, my employ-

er, yesterday." "It is false; but, poor fool, since you will not deliver it up without trouble, take the consequences!" He leveled his pistol at the fearless boy, and

was about to pull the trigger, when a man sprung from the wayside, and with his stout staff struck the ruffian senseless to the earth. "There, young sir," said the new-comer, who of your assailant for a time; but ride on at once, for Ben Rogers' head is hard and he will soon recover. Adieu!" and the rescuer turned

to depart. "Stay!" cried the youth, eagerly. "Let me at least know the name of my rescuer." "Never mind that; ride on," and the speaker

plunged again into the swamp. For a moment the stripling gazed after him, then, as the stricken ruffian began to move, turned and galloped off. A burly figure moving recklessly through sluggish pools, over wet hummocks, under trailing vines and around the trunks of tower-

ing cypresses. A dirty, ragged, sinister fellow, with bloodshot, hungry eyes—thirsting for human blood, griping the long-bladed knife in an iron clasp. The brigade of that great soldier of Revoluionary times, Gen. Francis Marion, better known as the Swamp Fox, was encamped in a

lonesome swamp of old Carolina, reclining on the ground lately tenanted by the moccasin-They were ragged, shoeless fellows, tired out

by a series of long chases in the swamps, but heroes one and all. And at the extreme of the camp, eating his simple dinner of baked potatoes, sat the celebrated Marion himself. He was a plain, unpretentious-looking man, yet despite this, despite his threadbare garments, there was an air of nobility about him such as should belong to the great "Swamp Fox," whose fame is im-

mortal. It was toward the General himself that the sinister fellow before mentioned was creeping. The officer was eating his dinner abstractedly, his great mind dwelling on some subject of common interest to the brigade. It is a mystery which will never be solved-how that famed command, hunted by five times their own number, managed to live through all those dreary days of war; and how they es-

caped their enemies' snares.
We only know that, led by the great Swamp Fox, they baffled all pursuit for years, striking hard blows in return. And now their beloved commander's life was

in danger from this eager, creeping assassin, whose course by hummock and pool fast brings him near the partisan. With the noiselessness of the snake he draws near, twisting carefully along as only the swamp sucker can

He is near him now-by his side; his hot breath almost seems to mingle with that of the General, as he raises his fatal knife, unperceived by any in the camp. The weapon is about to descend with un-

erring aim; but now the silence is broken by a pistol-crack, and the ruffian falls dead. Marion springs to his feet, sees the fallen man, recognizes him, exclaims: "Ben Rogers!" and turns to the threadbare man who approaches with smoking pistol. "Thus I repay my debt, General Marion!"

"Repay your debt!" repeated Marion. "I do not understand. But of one thing I am certain: you have saved my life, and for that you have the thanks of Francis Marion; more he is unable to give you just now, but he will not forget!" "Do you not know me, General Marion?"

asked the stranger, smiling. "I must confess, sir, that I do not recognize you," replied the partisan. "Do you not remember the slender youth whom you saved from yonder brute in a Carolina swamp, some years ago?" waving his

hand toward Rogers.
"I certainly do!" replied Marion. "I am that youth-Alfred Dane-now a major under General Greene!" said the stran-

Thus was the patriot able to repay his debt after long years, and save the life of the Swamp-It was afterward found out that Rogers had been hired to murder Marion by a Tory colonel, and, it is believed, had made the attack on the great commander without suspecting that the latter was the same person who had used

him so hardly in the swamp, when he had at-

tempted to rob and murder young Alfred Major Dane, who was now acting as a mes-THE "heart" is the best card in the senger from General Greene, soon transacted sea, and all around was deserted. An ominous | "I never harmed you!—we never met be- tensible doom; she knew there was a ruling chance game of matrimony—sometimes over-

the regretted death of the latter.



Published every Monday morning at nine o'clock NEW YORK, NOVEMBER 1, 1873. The SATURDAY JOURNAL is sold by all Newsdealers in the United Sta and in the Canadian Dominion. Parties unable to obtain it from a news-dealer, or those preferring to have the paper sent direct, by mail, from the publication office, are supplied at the following rates: Terms to Subscribers:

One copy, four months - - - \$1.00
" one year - - - 3.00
Two copies, one year - - 5.00 In all orders for subscriptions be careful to give address in full—State County and Town. The paper is always stopped, promptly, at expiration of subscription. Subscriptions can start with any late number.

Canadian subscribers will have to pay 20 cents extra, to prepay American All communications, subscriptions, and letters on business, shou BEADLE AND ADAMS, Publishers, 98 William St., New York.

The Star Serials

TO APPEAR IN RAPID SUCCESSION

Saturday Journal. NADIA,

THE RUSSIAN SPY

The Brothers of the Starry Cross.

BY FREDERICK WHITTAKER, AUTHOR OF "RED RAJAH," "THE ROCK RIDER," ETC.

THE DOCTOR'S WARD

The Web of the Father's Hate

BY MRS. JENNIE DAVIS BURTON, AUTHOR OF "MADAME DURAND'S PROTEGES," "CREOLE WIFE," "STRANGELY WED," ETC., ETC.

ONE-ARMED ALF;

The Giant Scout of the Great Lakes.

BY OLL COOMES, AUTHOR OF "DEATH-NOTCH," "THE BOY SPY," "OLD SOLITARY," ETC., ETC., ETC.

Gentleman George; THE MODOCS OF NEW YORK

BY ALBERT W. AIKEN.

AUTHOR OF "THE WITCHES OF NEW YORK," "THE MAD DETECTIVE," "SCARLET HAND," ETC., ETC.

All by writers of unequaled popularity—each a thing was good in America. center of interest dissimilar and peculiar-cover ing the wide fields of Love and Heart Life; Border and Indian Life; City Life; Domestic Life; Life in the Prison, the Palace and the Camp. What paper in America can present such a literary programme for the season? And yet, these are but a small portion of the splendid things that already are provided for the Readers of the SA-TURDAY JOURNAL-" The Gem of the Weeklies."

Our Arm-Chair.

Chat.-" Holding the mirror up to Nature" is a very sure way to enlist attention, on or off the stage. Yet, comparatively few authors comprehend the fact that he is most celebrated and the most read who delineates life and human nature most truthfully. Mr. Aiken, aside from the intrinsic interest of his stories, and the art of his ought to take a pride in the merit of our own plot, is notably a keen student of nature. His stories, indeed, present a succession of life-pictures whose force and truthfulness impress the most careless reader. Referring to this element in his contributions an intelligent reader writing from Vineland, N. J., says:

"The 'Journal' is very popular here. It is what I call a clean paper. I have read aloud the Justice Court scenes in 'The-Man-from-Texas' to a number of my friends, and they were delighted with the faithful portraiture of South-western justice. Indeed, I have witnessed incidents, fully as rich, down in Georgia, since

That Mr. Aiken had "been thar," and photographed Arkansas life from the spot, his "Manfrom-Texas" gives most ample assurance. It is a queer, strange story, and, in our opinion, one of the best American novels ever written, and will be so pronounced when it is reprinted on the other

-Many of the writers whose pens give life and interest to our paper, are writing out of their own experiences, on Sea and Land-in City and Country-among the savages and among the elite of the "Best Circles." None write so well as those who speak of what they know. To show out of what material some authors are made, we quote the following paragraphs from a letter accompanying a contribution for our columns:

"A decided love for adventure and novelty of position has caused some thirty odd years of my life to be spent in traveling the entire world, and filling positions of an

"I have served in twenty distinct branches of the armies of five nations-and in the navies of two. I have held appointments in hospitals, lunatic asylums, convict establishments and jails; have been employed in the police and detective service; traveled with theatrical and circus companies, besides filling quite a variety of widely different occupations (some of a very singular nature) in various parts of the world.

"Now, in the total absence of vanity, I am sure that my memory abounds in stories, anecdotes and strange facts possessing as much amusement, interest and originality as can be found in similar writings of the day." If this gentleman doesn't succeed as an author

it certainly will not be from lack of life-adventure and experience. It may be that, like our Major readers, that is the cause of my perturbation, even more lasting in its impressions than pages Max Martine, he knows so much from his own ex- and what is the verdict you give? For or from more sober but not more veracious history. perience that if he told the whole truth people against the plea of would not believe him!

APPLICATION.

THE failures that beset so many individuals in this mundane sphere of ours have for their origin the lack of application, and the throwing away of the substance to seek after the shadow. publicity in the columns of this paper, three in Wall street, when broker after broker sus-We are a roving, changeable set of human be- years ago. If the same result follows its second ings, and, thinking we can better our condition issue it will produce magnificent results. Such by a change, we neglect the opportunities we have by seeking after others which we seldom obtain; whereas, were we to place our attention on the work we have before us, we should readers will do, and thus add another to the oblivery near not going, for I said to myself-no be more sure of arriving at some ultimate good gations which we owe to them for repeated marks one will be there; surely hats and bonnets, than by idling our time away in the vain hope of their esteem for their favorite weekly.

of becoming more wealthy and famous through some undefined channel.

It is strange that, when men have sufficient means, they do not invest them in some sure enterprise instead of rushing headlong into speculations that eventually lead to their ruin.

There are authors who are not as willing to apply themselves to one work as to have many on their hands. They commence a story and arrive at the very center of it, when new ideas and plots enter their brains, and they leave the work to begin another, most likely to relinquish it as they did the first. Thus they have an amount of unfinished Mss. upon their handsproductions which they scarcely ever complete, thereby causing them a loss of time, labor and money.

Whatever one begins he should strive to finish, or the precious moments God has given us to use will be wasted and our works good

Strict application will do more wonders for us than we are aware of. Phonography looks extremely hard at first; it appears as though it never could be mastered; but, by patience and perseverence, the student is able, ere a great while, to write a hundred words a minute and often more. Were we to give up at the first discouragement, there would never be much gained in the world; sluggards would take the place of the workers, and idleness push inlustry aside.

Instead of our teachers crowding so many studies into the noddles of our rising generaion, would it not be better to be thorough with few branches of education than to fill the heads of Young America with a jumble and jargon of what they can not comprehend? Fewer studies, and more time devoted to them, would give us smarter men and women, but how inconsistent does it appear to put a person into foreign languages before they are masters of their own tongue, and how ridiculous does it seem to cram algebra into those who are scarcely able to spell their own names, or to

cipher" correctly! We should go in for progress, but we should not have "too many irons in the fire." A man who does one thing well is of more worth than he who tries half a dozen and makes a botch of them all. When you hear of some great deed done, some noble work accomplished, you may know that the result could not have been arrived at without great labor and constant ap-

FOREIGN OR NATIVE TALENT?

and I am just going to write my sentiments in | that the beverage was the best article to make ried me a great deal, and I should have venti- life. lated the subject sooner, only I wanted to see how long I could keep quiet on the affair, and I | natives who had come along with him on their say or go into a "conniption fit."

as though we were ashamed of the products of | in all the glory of the native American fashions. on possessed talent except foreigners, and no-

A manager wants a star; he runs over to Enand to secure it. An Impressario desires a orima donna; he goes to Italy for her, and for-Well, then, the public are humbugs, and if any | that he had a long pa-lava with him, and found one thinks I am naughty to call names you can him to be a gentleman of the most Aboriginal just tell them that Eve Lawless considers it no stamp. sin to tell the truth, whatever others may

Then you know this foreign flummery must have three and four times the amount of salary demanded by our own native performers, which has ever been a most impenetrable mystery to councils with the chiefs and grand sachems, me, though I presume it is all right, and I must | and told them to be peaceful and he would not be woefully ignorant not to be able to see it. If harm them; and gave many presents to them. -now mind, I say if - foreigners are worth for which they were very grateful. He told more than natives, let them be paid accordingly: but if we didn't patronize the former, and | States in the name of his sovereign, who would almost totally disregard the latter, they be proud to call them his subjects, and that wouldn't be worth more to the managers, look- every year he would come over again and dising at the matter in a pecuniary light. We performers and let them have the benefit of our | pound. spare change, but we don't, and that just makes us appear foolish and inconsistent.

How some publishers delight to have English writers contribute to their publications! Would it be uncharitable to say, it is because they can obtain their works for a mere nothing? It can not be because those writers are better than our mortals, after all, and can not subsist upon air, though it would seem as though they were expected to do so.

Don't think me uncharitable, and that I detest foreigners. I do not. Many a noble man and woman do I know who are not of my own country, and even they often wonder why we do not use more exertion in bringing out our own talent, and patronize it when we have

Because we are not encouraged we do not endeavor to cultivate the gifts Heaven has bestowed upon us. We say, "What is the use? give us the aid we need. 'A prophet is not House. Ferd said he would talk to his wife in without honor, save in his own country, but regard to it. we have not the desire or the means to gain. They then reputation away from home. We want the encouragement of those who have grown up around us, and so long as that is withheld we have no ambition to try.

Whether that speech is right or wrong is not for me to say, but such speeches are made, and until we turn over a new leaf they will con-

Let us give our own kith and kin an opportunity to make their mark, and show them how much we appreciate their endeavors, and you will find that those who are sluggish now will feel an impetus to strive manfully for the noble their meed of praise, how can you be so foolish in the course of the brilliant and most graphic as to expect them to try?

EVE LAWLESS?

A true indication of the popularity of an author and his works is the accession to the num ber of his regular readers with each new story Probably no single story published within ten years added more to a growing list than The Wolf Demon, when that romance was first given

Foolscap Papers.

The Return of Columbus.

WHEN Ferdinand and Isabella were inform ed by Atlantic cable dispatch of the great discoveries made in the New World by Columbus, and that he was on his way home with all his trunks and carpet-sacks and valises filled with spoils, they prepared to give him a glorious

A proud day it was for Columb when he entered the Spanish capital with his grand procession, headed by the brass band, and made is way to the tent where Ferd and Is were waiting to receive him-excuse me, but my ong acquaintance with these two royal personages has made me familiar with their names. They shook hands with him and told him to ake a chair and be seated, and make himself

He thanked them on behalf of himself, sat own, tried to spit clear of the carpet but did-'t, and proceeded to tell the story of his adventures and discoveries. He spoke of the slands he had visited—especially of Coney Island, where he met the natives in their original simplicity, but had been very much set back by being too sure that he knew which card wasthe three-spot, and had lost confidence and

He had suffered the exquisite pleasure of being interviewed by reporters for seventeen daily papers, and had his name spelled wrong in fourteen of them. He had smoked the cigar of peace with the President, who received him with great hospitality at his wigwam, and introduced him to his counselors, and made no attempt to burn him at the stake, and he had received many free tickets to concerts and the-

Gold! There was no end to it in the United States; it was everywhere; and of silver there was an abundance. He had bought gold watches and chains at the auction stores for little or nothing, and any amount of silver spoons at fifty cents a sett, and there were plenty more left, enough to load all the White Star steamers. He said he had been complete ly bewildered at the abundance of the precious metals; they were everywhere.

One of the greatest discoveries he had made was of a peculiar beverage which the natives seemed very fond of, called whisky, obtained by tapping corn-stalks and rectifying the juice; he begged to present his monarch with a choice bottle of it, sworn to be ten years old and not It is folly-it is a ridiculous thing, and I, for | infirm. Ferd swallowed the marvelous story one, am ashamed of the American citizens who and the contents of the bottle, and got exhilaare guilty of this abominable bit of nonsense, rated, and said Columb was a bully boy, and regard to the matter, because I know all sensila fellow walk Spanish he had ever tasted ble persons will agree with me. It has wor- This was the proudest moment of Columb's

He called Ferd's attention to the group of find the hour has come when I must have my road to the Vienna Exposition, tricked out in the most gorgeous array—the male Aborigines I hate to see our people neglect our native in swallow-tailed coats and plug hats, patenttalent and rush after that which is foreign, just | leather boots and much watch seal; the females our own dear country and thought that no per- Queen Is was perfectly charmed at their rich apparel, and was greatly surprised to hear that wives of the poorest husbands there dressed equally as fine or got a divorce.

Columb regretted exceedingly that he could not get a chance to get Captain Jack and his gets that there is just as much talent at home as | troop of Modocs to accompany him home. He he can get abroad, but then, you know, it must | said Jack was a lava-ble fellow and always in be foreign to please the public. Must it? | for killing sport; and was very proud to say

Barnum hadn't time, either, to go home with im, but sent him a complimentary to his show. Everywhere he went he was kindly received. and none of the natives ran away and hid in the woods, as was reported. He held many them that he had taken possession of the United tribute annuities to them, receiving contributions in return of gold and silver, pound for

When he was ready to start away he called all the Governors of the States together in grand council and smoked the farewell pipe of peace with them, and told them, through an interpreter, that he would leave them in charge of their tribes as usual, and noped they would try to preserve good order and let the local op-American authors, for that would be a-no tion question go, and try to get as many coonsuch thing. We have an immense amount of skins for him, when he came back again, as first-class home literary talent, and the reason | they could, and he would pay them well in that it is so little brought out is because some beads. He urged them, he said, to go on buildpublishers-of course there are exceptions-who ing railroads and building colleges, and peniare not willing to pay writers enough to follow | tentiaries, and lunatic asylums, and jails, and that profession, and, you know, authors are but houses of correction, and inebriate homes, and insancries, and calabooses, and prisons, and make their country one of the greatest in the globe. He descanted feelingly on the tears that were shed at his departure, and how he promised them to come over soon with a shipoad of missionaries and convert them, for he thought they could stand it.

Columbus spoke of the Credit Mobilier and the Congressional salary grab, which stirred he heart of every Spanish official present to the highest pitch, and they seemed anxious to emigrate at once to such a glorious New World. He urged Ferd to go over with him the next we are Americans and our brothers will not trip and take up his residence at the White

> They then sat down to a feast, and the king bestowed so much attention on Columb that he was carried home on a shutter. WASHINGTON WHITEHORN,

The true story of the detested renegades Simon Girty and Kendrick, are given in Mr. Aiken's splendid romance of the Mingo and Shawnee Country, THE WOLF DEMON. Why Girty and his brothers became embittered against the whites of Virginia and Kentucky, and joined the red savages to become more savage than a Shawneemore artful than a Mingo-more persistent in end to be obtained; but if you don't give them | deviltry than a Delaware, the author relates; and narrative the reader insensibly gains a knowledge There, my good Mr. Editor, and you, patient of men and events of that early day that will be The Wolf Demon is but the romance of history.

Woman's World.

Banks and Bonnets.—How Bonnets Sold During the Bank Panic.—A Fall Opening.—The Coming Fash-ions in Bonnets.—Can we Make Our Bonnets at Home?

In the midst of that week of Black Fridays pended payment, when every hour in each day was marked with the failure of some great new ones at least, will be considered super- restless movements and experiences.

fluous luxuries at such a time as this. But a feeling of sympathy for the merchant who had added this millinery department to his establishment for the first time this season, induced me to take a second thought and go.

"Live and learn," I now say to myself. My readers, I learned that day what a prime necessity a new bonnet is, under any circumstances, when the time comes that fashion demands that a woman must have one. In less than ten minutes after entering the store, as I stood bewildered at the magnificence of the new "creaions and productions," and the ceaseless throng of the devotees of fashion flowing in, to gaze apon them and admire, I saw ten of those costy wonders sold at prices varying from \$15 to \$50—and cash paid for them at that. Not less than \$1000 was paid for bonnets at that store luring the morning, so I was informed by the nead man-milliner; for Harry Taylor is not the only man-milliner in New York. I found hat my merchant did not need my sympathy; out I thought my sex were entitled to my pity, and their husbands to every one's commisera-

Yet, although I deprecate that insane adoration of a "love of a bonnet," so inherent in the feminine mind, I am going to cater to the passion by describing some of those bonnets or he general effect they made on my mind, for the readers of the Woman's World. For full well do I know that, if women will buy bonnets when financial ruin is staring the whole world in the face, the dearest topic to the feminine soul must be-bonnets, whether they

can afford to buy them or not. There were a variety of shapes displayed at this opening, but three leading styles seemed most in favor. The first was a modified Rabagas—that is, a bonnet with a broad and halfnigh crown and an upturned brim, standing out from the crown, while the back recedes and fits closely and flat over the back part of the head. In one or two of these bonnets observed the back of the brim cut entirely away and the crown scooped out also, to permit the

hair to fill up the space. The second style is similar to the old Marie Antoinette, with a coronet brim and very full face trimmings under the brim.

Third shape is the "Directoire," a new style, with a projecting brim shading the abundant

fall trimmings.

There are hats, also, in new shapes: one, the Madame Angot, has a full, soft crown of silk, and an upturned brim extending all around, and indented on the sides and in front. The trimmings of velvet and feathers are so arranged as to display, not hide the shape of the turban-like crown. Another French fancy is the "Incroyable." Its brim is turned up behind, projecting in front, and turned up at the sides. over the crown, a band of velvet and a cut-steel lagger stuck under the band on one side, on the other a bow of ribbon, under the brim, and a bunch of three large red roses.

The English walking-hat, in felt or velvet, with brim projecting low, front and back, and turned up high on the sides, is at once stylish and elegant, and is destined to be very popular. It is already seen on Broadway and the avenue more frequently than any other shape.

The favorite colors for both hats and bonnets are shades of dark bluish grays, called slate color, and a deep, dull green, named "myrtle." The odious sage colors are at last banished. Full tints of all colors in deep shades are preferred to neutral or light ones.

Silk and velvet are employed more in trimming both hats and bonnets than ribbons. The strings of course are of ribbon. Bias scarfs and large bows of silk form the trimming of many stylish hats, with a spray of rich roses behind the left ear, under the brim. A plume may be added, but it is not considered necessary. Cut steel ornaments are sparingly used by tasteful milliners, the dagger ornament being the most in favor.

There is a wider range permitted in the use of bright colors, pale shades, steel ornaments and various kinds of flowers for evening hats and bonnets. Shaded plumes in pale tints waving over bouquets of roses, violets and forget-me-nots, are seen on these evening hats Lace is not used on them, nor on the street hats, but sparkling ornaments of cut steel glitter among their delicate tinted trimmings.

I hope these descriptive notes of what I saw it that opening will not make my readers sigh for those unattainable beauties in the way of 'creations and productions" that make up one of our fall fashion ovations. I hope you will all conclude that you can trim your own hats and bonnets. It will lessen the cost fully twothirds, and with a little taste and patient study of a fashion plate, or cuts, such as are seen in all our fashion papers, you can easily accomplish that coveted possession—"a love of a bonnet"—without spending more than from four to six dollars. For eight or ten dollars you can get the material for just such a bonnet. you can get the material for just such a bonnet as would cost you fully twenty-five or thirty lollars at the store where I attended that open-

ng during the Wall street panic of last month I do not wish to cheat milliners of their due amount of custom, but in such times as these, when a lady must pay at least fifteen dollars for a genteel hat or bonnet, I think it is time we were beginning to devote ourselves to a little "home production" of artistic millinery. EMILY VERDERY.

A BRILLIANT AND EXCITING Romance of a Noble Female Spy

There will soon be commenced in our columns

NADIA, The Russian Spy THE BROTHERS OF THE STARRY CROSS.

BY CAPT. FREDERICK WHITTAKER, AUTHOR OF "THE RED RAJAH," "DOUBLE-DEATH," ETC.

A Princess of the noble house of Gallitzin, during the Crimean War and the celebrated Siege of Sebastopol, it was reported, in "official circles," played the role of Spy so effectively, in the Allied Camps, as to greatly prolong the siege and frequently to thwart the English and French movements in a most mysterious manner.

was ascertained by Capt. Whittaker, during his army service, to be substantially true. It is here made the basis of a romance of a specially brilliant and exciting character-vying, in many respects, with the great sensations of Victor Hugo? Nadia is a magnificent creature—with all the ten- paper and bottle up for use. derness of woman and the brave soul of a proud race of boyars, who works out her own destiny and the destruction of her greatest enemy in a way that makes her a heroine in a double sense.

The story is almost minutely true in its historical delineations and war pictures, yet makes all these deeply interesting episodes only contribute to the deeper interest of her own dangerous and

THE REAL PROPERTY.

Readers and Contributors.

fully prepaid in postage .- No MSS. preserved for future orders .- Unavailable MSS, promptly returned only where stamps accompany the inclosure, package marked as "Book MS."-MSS, which are imperfect are not used or wanted. In all cases our choice rests first upon merit or fitness; second, upon excellence of MS. as "copy"; third, length. Of two MSS. of equal nerit we always prefer the shorter .- Never write on both sides of a sheet. Use Commercial Note size paper as most convenient to editor and compositor, tearing off each page as it is written, and carefully giving it its follo or page number. - A rejection by no means implies a want of merit. Many MSS, unavailable to us are well worthy of use .- All experienced and popular writers will find us ever ready to give their offerings early attention Correspondents must look to this column for all information in regard to contributions. We can not write letters except in special cases.

The following contributions we shall have to decline—returning such only as had stamps inclosed for such return, viz.: "The One-armed Brigand;" "Polly;" "The Village Belle;" "My First Kangaroo Hunt;" "The Partisan;" "More Lucky than Plucky;" "The First Novel;" "Mercy's Door;" "Patent Outsides;" "A Dear Good;" "Don't You Wish You Could?" "A Sister's Wrong;" "The Doctor's Last Call;" "The Greatest Catch of the Season;" "A Lively Time at a Funeral;" "Old Spokes and Hubs;" "Doggerel;" "A Smack on a Smack;" "Mrs. Terwhilliger's Suitor;" "A Lump of Clay;" "Broken Shrines;" "A Bird Song," The following contributions we shall have to decline

We shall place on the accepted list: "Be Conqueror;"
"Seth Martin's Escape;" "Dead-Man's Falls:" "Cupid's Reply;" "Unkind;" "Husband's Love;" "The Swamp Fox;" "The Silver stream Tragedy;" "The Plymouth Outlaw;" "The Stolen Mustang;" "Memories of Home;" "Forsæken;" "Fingers of Time," MS. rolled as tight as a cigar is, usually, tossed aside ure requisite to untwist the roll and peruse the curled-

Author's address stuck in some obscure place on a MS. is very apt to be overlooked. Always write full name and post-office on first page of the MS.

BRYAN P. There is such a book, we think, as the one you name. Write to Henry C. Carey, Philadelphia, or to the American News Co., N. Y. G. M. The New York University School of Engineers and Mining is the school for you. Its cost we can not state. Write to the Secretary of the University for Cata-

W. P. R. Your little sketch is quite good enough for use, but we do not care to add any more of that class of matter to our paid list.

CEDAR ISLAND. It seems to us that your course is plain. The independency of proprietorship, in your case, certainly is preferable to the dependency of the employee. With capital, land and taste for the noble calling of staple producer, what more can you ask? Leave "clerking" to those who can not do any thing else and become a "lord of the soil."

LUKE G. Glad to have the reassurance you give. So many literary impositions are abroad that when we reeive a contribution from an unknown person we necessarily are on our gnard. To question the originality of a contribution is no cause for anger. It is the editor's only safe course where a doubt arises.

CECILIA. We are not disposed to sympathize with the miserable flunkeyism so prevalent among our fashionable people that leads them to worship every thing that is French. It is, for us, a disgusting exhibition. But, facts are facts. So common is the French now become, as the language of Fashion, that it is almost a necessity for every lady to every the reference say for every lady to understand it, and we therefore say study French even if you have to neglect German, which you seem to prefer.

IGNATIUS R. E. There are really no "cheap colleges n the Eastern States. You will have to go to some of he Western States Universities for really cheap yet good educational advantages. Tuition, in most of those institutions is merely nominal. The chief expense is in board and books. The Michigan State University, at Ann Arbor, is, doubtless, one of the best institutions in he country for a broad and thorough scholarship, or for education in special lines. We advise you to go there. MARY A. A. We see no reason why you should not

become a waiter-girl in a respectable eating-house. A large number of very nice girls, in this city, are now engaged in "waiting." In some "saloons," there is danger of meeting with a rough class of customers, and consequent danger of hearing improper language: but, in the eating houses which only respectable people frequent, the service of "waiting" is neither disagreeable nor hard. The hours of service are usually from eight A. M. o four P. M., and the pay about eight dollars per week. DRUGGIST S. O. R. There is no impropriety in any centleman writing to a lady whom he knows and admires, asking the pleasure of a correspondence. It is for the lady, of course, to decide as to the propriety of accepting the overture. If she, for any reason, declines,

rights to conduct her affaires de cœur in her own way PRISCILLA. You say you have quarreled with your lover and pride prevents you from making advances for a reconciliation. A thousand sad histories that are unwritten commenced in this first quarrel, and the mista

ken pride that prevented a reconciliation. We have but one word of advice, and that is become reconciled at once. If he is a true gentleman he will meet your advances with no thought of bitterness for what caused estrangement. OWEN R. E. We can use most of the matter sent, but

do not care to pay for the verses. The two sketches we do not find available. No stamps for return. McClymonds. We have no objections to giving an occasional good dialogue in our columns, but a good dialogue is even rarer than a good serial. So much trash is peddled out to schools, in the shape of professed school dramas, that it is a surprise when we come upon a really roper and admirable petite drama or dialogue. The ef fort appears to be to crowd as much absurd and impossible speech and action as may be, in a twenty minutes' performance. A dialogue ought to be just as true in its character, action and speech as life itself, and only such ought to be permitted on the school or stage. Of all dialogues and minor dramas offered, at any price, "Bea-

is adaptive and truly good than any books now in print and their great sale attests the fact that teachers and melodrama to the preposterous and absurd. AERONAUT. The first balloon ascension in the United

DLE'S DIME DIALOGUES"-Nos. 1 to 13-contain more that

FARMER. Numerous things are said to be cures for snake bites, but of none of them can we speak knowingly: yet, as you request us, we send you the following remedy, which is said to be the most certain cure: apply to the bite tobacco of the strongest kind, and keep the application wet and fresh; also give the patient as much whisky as he can swallow, until a change for the better

Engineer. There is no extra postage due on a letter ent to a person who has moved away from the place to which it is first addressed. Let the P. M. redirect the etter on the same envelope and it will go free.

PEDANT. Excepting Moses, the most ancient and anthentic cosmogony extant is that of Sanconiatho, of Phonicia—a probable cotemporary with the Prophet Isaiah, about 800 years before Christ. The only account of the creation or origin of our globe, is that furnished by Moses in the first chapter of Genesis. It is now stated, however, that one of the explorers in Assyrian remains has brought to Great Britain a vast number of bricks inscribed in characters, which, on being deciphered, give a new version of creation. It is startlingly like the Mosaic account, which proves that both were really drawn from the same source. The Assyrian antedates the Israelite version by several centuries. BENJ. H. The quotation you refer to probably is the following from Sir Wm. Jones:

"Seven hours to law;
To soothing slumber seven:
Ten to the world allot, And all to Heaven.

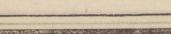
G. L. H. If you apply a microscope to a good dagnereorype miniature it will appear as a lifelike bust, giv-ng the natural color of the hair, eyes and dress, with the natural expression of the countenance. L. V. D. An old work before us answers your ques-

L. V. D. An old work before is answers your question; and we give with it likewise the weight of other men than George Washington of the Revolutionary period: General Washington's weight was 209 pounds; General Lincoln weighed 224 pounds; General Knox weighed 280 pounds; Colonel Henry Jackson weighed 283 pounds; Lieut.-Col. Huntington weighed 232 pounds; Lieut.-Col. Cobb weighed 182 pounds; Colonel Swift weighed 219 pounds; Colonel Michael Jackson weighed 252 pounds. Surely "there were giants in those days" according to the above figures. This episode has been generally suppressed, but

THEODORE. Sunburn is frequently most painful and attended at times with disagreeable results, when the impurity of the blood causes it to break into sores. A good wash for sunburn is 2 drachms of borax, one drachm of Roman alum, one drachm of camphor, half-ounce of sugar and a pound of ox-gall; mix well, and stir three times a day for a week or two, when it will appear clear and transparent; after which strain through blotting

Tom. Turpentine, applied thoroughly with a piece of clean flannel, will remove grease from velvet or cloth; rub until quite dry, brush the part well, and hang garment in the sun to destroy the smell of the turpentine. THEODORIA. There is no excuse for your having dirty THEODORIA. There is no excuse for your having dirty cane-bottomed chairs, and your friend had certainly cause to feel provoked when her dress was stained with marks from the chair. To clean cane-bottom chairs, hot water, sponge and soap are all that is needed: turn the chair bottom up and wash thoroughly, after which let it set out in the wind, when the seat will become as hard.

and white as when new. Unanswered questions on hand will appear



A STORY.

BY JOHNNIE DABB.

The old manor-house seemed to frown in the night, And the moonbeams, so ghostly and pale, Threw out their deep shadows as if in affright, And the wind gave a desolate wail.

In her chamber aloft in the lonely old tower, Fair Ethel sat pale as one dead,
For, a week from that night, at the very same hour,
She should marry—her guardian had said.

Old Simpkins, the banker, had asked for her hand To give to young Roger, his son, "'Twill join our estates—'tis a fine piece of land;" Said her guardian, "'tis well—count it done." But the old heads in plotting ne'er thought of young

hearts,
And so, in the sequel you'll find,
Two hearts bound together in purest of love
Are a match for a dozen, combined.

On the river, that ran by her father's estate, Harry Blew-pilot-brought down the mail, And Ethel, to see him, each day as he passed, On the river dock stood without fail. At first 'twas the papers, and then a bouquet.

That he brought from the town up above; Then a letter, and long ere a twelvemonth had passed, They had both of them fallen in love. So, when Ethel heard of her terrible fate,

She went to the dock in the morn, And Harry was frightened to see his dear mate Sit weeping alone, all forlorn.

She told him her story; he stamped both his feet;
Then a bright, happy thought came, I know,
For he jumped up and said: "Ethel, mine, meet me When I bring up the mail from below.

You may as well make up your mind For trouble, for, if your old guardy should hear, Be sure he'll not be far behind!" So a week passed away and all was prepared,

"Be ready to travel; and, Ethel, my dear,

And the guests were awaiting the bride; Ethel stole from her room, and went down on the dock, And Harry stood there by her side. The time came and passed; no Ethel came down; Young Roger looked nervously round; And old Simpkins wondered, the guests looked surprised,

And her guardian muttered and frowned; When a servant came in with a pale, frightened face, And said, "Missie left here to-night With a bundle of clothes, and she's now on the dock,

And the mail-boat is coming in sight. "Bring my horse," cried the guardian, "and mine," said the son;
"She shall not get away from us so;
"Tis only a mile from the river to here,

We can beat the old mail-boat, I know. "And then, Mister Sailor, look out for yourself, For stealing my bride thus away;" Quoth the guardian: "We'll catch him, and, Roger, my

He'll rue it for many a day." But Harry looked back and saw them approach, And then in the air there was seen A rocket, and up from the deck of the boat

Rose another, of crimson and green. Said Harry, "They see us; now let them come on! Now, Ethel, prepare for the worst.'

The riders come thundering down o'er the hill,
And have now but a half-mile to run,
But the boat's at the dock, she stops—she has gone— They're aboard, and the wild race is won!

A curse from the guardian, a yell from the son, And a cheer from the hands on the boat, And Harry and Ethel, high up on the deck, Are the happiest couple affoat!

Says Harry, "My friends, there's a parson aboard, I engaged him below at the town, So we'll have a fine wedding; the captain, I know, Will see that the thing's done up brown."

In a neat little cot on the mossy hillside, With the beautiful river in view, Live Harry and Ethel, now happy and free; Long-life to lovers so true!

A Wife's Cure

BY MARY REED CROWELL.

"Married, eh? well, Phil, I must give vent to my candid opinion and say I think you are

"Indeed, you're mistaken! Just wait until you see my wife before you express yourself. Why, Tom, she's one-no, she's the very nicest, prettiest little woman that ever you saw." Mr. Philip Graham, the husband of three months, looked down on his bachelor friend

with an expression of supremest pity. "Oh, doubtless," returned Tom Anderton. "And I suppose she don't lead you by the nose, or anything?"

How innocently meek he asked that question; how wrathfully the young husband fired up! "Tom, don't insult her! As if my dainty little Clarc would undertake to guide me, or dictate to me in any of my affairs! No, indeed, Tom Anderton, Mrs. Graham understands too

thoroughly the duties and requirements of a wife to attempt such unwifely proceedings."

"And, of course, Mr. Philip Graham is so perfect a husband that he thoroughly understands all the little delightful deceptions that can be practiced on these trusting wives? I tell you what it is, Phil, I don't admire these namby-pamby women who daren't object when

their liege lords smoke in the parlor, or-" "But Clare's not that sort, either. I tell you, come home to dinner with me and see for yourself. I've sent home a pair of chickens for a roast. You like that?"

"I'd like to see Mrs. Phil better. Yes, I'll drop in the office again about five, and run up At exactly six that evening Tom Anderton

sat opposite "Mrs. Phil," politely staring at the vision of loveliness, grace and piquancy, she

She was a fair-haired little woman, with dark violet eyes, and statuesque cheeks; and she had enhanced all this fairy-like sweetness of hers husband Miss Milford's pass. by wearing a light-blue silk dress, trimmed with dark-blue; lace collar and cuffs, scarce

whiter than her throat and hands. And Tom tried his best to hide his admiration, fearful lest Phil should, in a burst of triumph, step on his pet corn under the table. "Clarie, I have to run down to New Mills to-morrow on urgent business. I may be obliged to stay till the day but one after, so just

throw a couple of shirts and handkerchiefs in he asked. my valise, will you, dear?" Tom instantly noted the shadow that flitted

"Again, Phil? I had an idea that New Mills was not much of a place for business. I'll see to the valise." Then they got to talking, and Mrs. Graham gracefully excused herself, while the gentlemen

drank their champagne and smoked. "You see, Tom, I told you it was all right,

whatever I said, bless her sweet face! I'm going down for a night off to-morrow; there's a ball to be held at the new depot at New Mills, and almost all the railway officials of this division of the Erie will attend." "But why not take Mrs. Phil?"

Phil shrugged his broad shoulders. "Oh, well, you see, Tom, a fellow don't want to be found tied to a-'

"To 'the nicest, prettiest, sweetest little wo-man that ever lived,' eh?" Graham blushed a little.

"That's so, but-" "Let me finish it for you, Phil. It's a shame to call a shadow to that sweet face of your wife. She's a loving, trusting little creature, Phil, and I think you give her a worse heartache than you imagine-"Go on; I'm not of a jealous disposition."
"No; you know what I mean. Take my

with you." Just then Clare came in.

"I've laid out your things, ready for to-morrow. Don't stay longer than you can help, will you, Phil ?"

"Drive me over to the new depot." It was a splendid-looking little lady, with jettiest of hair and ricl brunette skin, with which the dark - blue eyes contrasted beautifully.

"All right, Miss-" The Jehu paused inquiringly.
"That's of no consequence, only I'm Miss Milford, and want you to drive me over to the

The bonny little lady leaned back against the leathern cushions and laughed to herself all

the way. "It's the most blessed piece of luck that it's a mask ball; and won't I give him one lesson, thanks to Mr. Anderton!"

By which remark it may be perceived that Clare Graham was on her husband's track, with a dyed complexion and hair to aid her. She adjusted her mask in the dressing-room, and went boldly in.

Fortune was on her side, for, five minutes he hadn't expected to meet any one who would know him, even if it were off. Clare had been dancing with a fierce-looking

brigand chief, to whom she pointed her husband out. "Who is that stylish gentleman yonder, leaning beside that pillar? Couldn't we be in-

troduced? I do admire him so much." The handsome brigand wished his little silver-starred, ebon-robed Night were as enthusiastic over him, but he answered with a very

"That? I believe it is Conductor Graham, of 45. I've no doubt he'll be greatly delighted to make the charming acquaintance of Miss-' Jehu-like, he paused for an answer. "Oh! Miss Milford."

And five minutes later Phil was bowing deeply before the petite lady, thanking her for answered. her condescending kindness. Such a flirtation as that was! Clare leaned so confidingly against him, and Phil squeezed her hand so tenlerly, and then implored her to dance with him the rest of the evening.

"But I'm afraid it wouldn't do," she laughed. Your sweetheart-or wife, if you have one, might seriously object, you know."

She spoke so carelessly, but Phil started. "Bless you, my Queen of Night, I'm not with the latter appe As regards the former—why—why—I think I have had one since you came in the room."

thing but a man, and they don't often hesitate at such things! "Oh, Mr. Graham; I hope you're not so foolish as that! Why, you don't know who I am, or what I look like."

Wicked fellow! but then, he wasn't any

"I'll risk 'em both," said he, gallantly. "Such a figure and arm only could belong with a perfect face. Besides, I always did admire brunettes; the style is so different from my-sis-

He nearly caught himself, and that mythical sister" almost choked Clare to death. "If I only might have a tress of that lovely hair, Miss Milford-or a spangle off your dress,

or a glove—something to remind me of the exquisite bliss of to-night." "You shall, certainly, if I may claim something in return."

Ah, that was a little awkward! Just suppose whatever he gave this little charmer should, by some horrid fatality, get back to his wife? But this same little charmer must not be illused after her fresh, sweet confidences.

"There's not much a gentleman wears that would be acceptable to a lady, Miss Millfordsuppose I give you a pass on the road for a quarter?" She laughed merrily.

I'll accept it. Give me your knife and I'll cut off a curl."

And so Clare's curl—her dyed curl—was transferred to her husband's pocket-book, and Miss Milford between New Mills and New

Breakfast was just on the table the next morning when Phil Graham came in, pale and tired-looking-very unlike golden-haired, lilyskinned Clare, who was gravely pouring her cup of chocolate.

"Oh, Phil, dear, I'm so glad you're home so soon! Poor fellow! You look awfully jaded! You have been working too hard while you're

She kissed him, and then he sat down in his easy-chair. "Just give me some chocolate, Clare; I'm

late for my train up, I'm afraid." I have the key to wind his watch, and clinging to it came the black curl.

"Why, Phil, where on earth did you get Clare made a dive and snatched it from him. "It-ain't-mine, you know. Buckley, up at

the New Mills, sent it down by me to have it made into a chain for him." "Oh!" said Clare, sweetly. "That reminds me," she said, composedly, and she handed her

"He took it carelessly, looked once-started, blushed, then stared at Clare.

The tears were in her eyes, and her lips were shoulder. "Oh, Phil, how could you last

night? It nearly broke my heart." But Phil sat and frowned and stared, utterly discomfited. "What does it mean, anyhow?"

"I went to New Mills, dear, too. I am Miss Milford; I gave you that hair. Shall I wash off the dye? Oh, Phil, I'll forgive you if you'll never do it again!

And our word for it, Conductor Philip Granam never did do it again! The Man from Texas:

THE OUTLAWS OF ARKANSAS. A STORY OF THE ARKANSAS BORDER.

BY ALBERT W. AIKEN, AUTHOR OF "MAD DETECTIVE," ROCKY MOUNTAIN ROB,"
"WOLF DEMON," "OVERLAND KIT," "RED
MAZEPPA," "ACE OF SPACES," "HEART OF
FIRE," "WITCHES OF NEW YORK."

CHAPTER XXX.

JIM CROW.

ALL four of the outlaws started at the sound. knew in sixty-three," said Ozark, bluntly, finish"It's all right!" exclaimed Ozark; "it's that ing the speech of the other. young imp. He's got something to say, or he wouldn't come at this time. I'll go fur him in the dug-out."

advice, and either stay at home or take Clare | erates soon heard the light dip of his paddle in | him hyer, I reckoned that thar was trouble

the waters of the dark lagoon. Within five minutes Ozark was back again. an expression of low cunning upon his irregular, evil-looking features.

"Hollo, Jim Crow!" exclaimed Fayette, as the mulatto stepped within the circle of light; 'what brings you here?" It was the grandson of old Uncle Snow who

had entered the abode of the outlaw. "I came arter you, Massa Fayette," the boy replied, with a grin. "I see'd you and Massa Foxcroft dere walk down the street 'bout nine dis evening, an' I 'spected dat you was gwine ball-room in the depot just as quick as you to come to dis yere place to see Massa Ozark." "What do you want?" Fayette asked, totally unable to guess the boy's purpose in seeking

him in the swamp at such an hour. "Does you know dat Massa Texas, Gineral Smith's overseer?" the boy asked.

All were astonished at this question, and even King Congo pricked up his ears to listen. "Yes, of course I know him; what of it?" Fayette demanded. "He come to see my gran'fader to-night. I

was up sta'rs jes' gwine fur to sleep when he come in. I heer'd him tell de ole man dat he had somet'ing 'ticulur to say to him dat he didlater, she recognized Phil, in evening dress and n't want nobody fur to hear; so when de ole a mask that barely covered his face; but then man come up, I made out dat I was fas' asleep, an' I jes' heer'd de 'hole on it. Dere was a yaller nigger named Jupiter an' he left a tin box full of someting wid de ole man for dis yere advanced, Texas did not notice the white robed Massa Texas fur to come and git, an' he's figure keeping its vigil at the window on the and from the whiteness of the paper it was gwine to guve de ole man a hundred dollar fur it; an' it's somet'ing to do wid a gemmen dat was killed in de war-time afore de Yanks come, an' de overseer, Massa Texas, an my ole man is gwine arter de box de furst t'ing in de morning, afore de sun am up."

when he had spoken of a man being killed, but reigned supreme. neither Foxcroft nor Congo, intent on the boy's story, had noticed the evident understanding. "Where is the box concealed?" Fayette ask-

"In de ole cabin on de Mulberry crick road, right on de edge ob de swamp," Jim Crow "I know the place!" exclaimed Ozark; "I've

slept there a hundred times." "Yes, I know where it is situated, too; I have noticed it when I have been riding by on addressed the boy. "Did you hear them say where about in the cabin the box was hidden ?"

"No, sar." "We kin find it easy 'nough !" asserted the outlaw. "Thar ain't nothing to the cabin but four walls, a mud-floor an' part of a roof." "I t'ought maybe dat dere might be some-

have, an' so I done come to tell you all 'bout | it," the boy said.

The yellow-boy grinned at the dubious compliment.

go after this box; it may contain something of importance; and then again, it may not take less notice of me." amount to any thing at all. It will do no harm, though, to look after it," said Fayette. "I five or six miles in the swamp?" The fat storekeeper fairly shuddered at the idea.

"Bless me, no!" he cried. "It is quite bad in the glass. enough to tramp out here, without trying my luck any further in the swamp. I always coninch of treading on a black snake that looked | the glass for a few minutes, while she pondered as big round as my arm."

"Nuffin but a common black snake; they don't bite," Ozark said.

"How the deuce was I to know?" exclaimed "That's very matter-of-fact, isn't it? Well, Foxcroft, sharply; "I didn't stop to ask him whether he'd bite or not; I couldn't have jumped any higher if it had been a rattlesnake, or a moccasin; and when I came down, I lost

ette remarked. "You can go back to town, tion, Missouri proceeded at once to disrobe. while Ozark and I will proceed to the cabin,

and search for the tin box." "Yes; Jim Crow here can guide me through the swamp; I should never find my way alone," Foxcroft said. "Of course if there are any valuables in the box, I depend upon you to give

me a fair share." Fayette and Ozark exchanged a meaning glance again.

satisfied, mebbe I'll throw in some of my share, too," and then the outlaw indulged in a "horse" augh, much to the surprise of Foxcroft, who didn't see any thing funny in the observation; but he was too well used to the peculiar moods

of the ruffian to question him. "Oh, no," he answered; "I shall be perfectly satisfied with my own share without robbing

Ozark ferried over Foxcroft and Jim Crow and returned for Fayette, leaving King Congo in solitary possession of the swamp lair, there to nurse his bruises and meditate dire vengeance upon the strong-armed Man-from-Texas. Concealing the dug-out amid the brush that fringed the lagoon, Ozark and Fayette proceed-"Oh, Phil!" she said, and leaned down on his ed in a north-west direction through the in the wards—and then descend the steps, and then come back an' report that thar ain't nary

> the landing, leading to the south-west. Ozark led the way; he had the catlike faculty of seeing in the dark, and Fayette followed close behind, treading, Indian fashion, in his footsteps.

"How far is it?" asked Fayette. "'Bout two miles."

"I thoug't it couldn't be much further. said five, though, to frighten off Foxcroft. I knew that he would never stand a tramp like | Snow waiting for him. that. You think that we can discover the box?"

wood that we kin light with a match. I think I know whar it's hid. The last time I bunked in thar, I noticed a hole in one of the logs nigh a corner of the cabin, jes' as if a big grub had bored it out. I reckon that it was a human,

though." "I say, Ozark, what do you suppose that tin box contains?" asked Fayette, abruptly. "A bill of sale of a horse, or something of that kind, with your name and mine scratched ing to the house.
on the back of it," Ozark suggested. "I never thought to bring a light," Texas

"You think, then, that the overseer, Texas, said. is the son of—" and Fayette hesitated."
"I did, sar," Uncle Snow said; "I'se got de end ov a candle an' some matches in my pock-

"He does look like him," Fayette observed. "I noticed the resemblance the moment I set | north-west corner of the cabin. eyes on the cuss that night, in Gol Adair's ca-

ahead. Very few more words passed between the accompanied by a light "yellow boy," about two until they emerged from the swamp and fifteen years old, with crispy, curly hair, and stood in the moonlight before the deserted callow in the log.

CHAPTER XXXI.

AN UNEXPECTED DISCOVERY.

overseer proceeded straight to the plantation. The moon was now rising slowly, and lighted up his homeward way. "To-morrow the paper will be in my hands," Texas thought, as he strode onward with vigorous steps, "and then I shall be able to close the account, perhaps. There's no telling,

though, but that the party whose name I shall find traced in characters of blood, is dead or down. gone far away from here. Speculation now is only idle guess-work. In the morning, an hour after sunrise, I shall know the truth. It did not take the overseer very long with his lengthy legs to get over the distance between Uncle Snow's cabin and the plantation. Not a living soul did he meet along the road,

and, as he came up the carriage-way leading to

the house, he saw the light coming from the

window of General Smith's library, which proved that the owner of the plantation had not yet retired to rest. The library was on the first floor, and, with his eyes fixed upon the lighted window as he

second story. Missouri had watched and waited for the return of the overseer. She saw him come up the avenue, heard him

enter the house and ascend the stairs to his room, then heard the noise of the door as he Favette and Ozark had exchanged glances closed it behind him, and after that, silence Missouri, sitting in a low rocking-chair by

the open window, resting her head upon her hand, gazed out dreamily upon the rising moon That the thoughts of the girl were not very pleasant was evident from the slight frown

hat arched her brows and shut the lips so tightly together. "Where has he been, I wonder?" she murmured, tapping her slippered foot petulantly upon the floor. "He went toward the landing, the road," Fayette said, abstractedly, evidently I am sure. I wonder if he went to see some lost in reflection. Then he raised his head and | girl?" And then, the frown upon her face deepened, and the full, red under lip was comteeth. "It's no business of mine, I suppose, but I would like to know though." Then she rose to her feet and walked up and down the oom for a few minutes with a restless, impa-

ient motion. "Oh, dear!" she exclaimed, suddenly, "I ting good in dat yere box dat you'd like fur to suppose that I had better go to bed. I wish that I had never seen this fellow; he annoys t," the boy said.
"Jim Crow, you're jes' the smartest little I wish that Will Fayette or some other gentlenig that thar is in this yere county!" exclaim - man had been riding out that morning to pull ed Ozark. "Ef you keep on, you'll be hung, me out of the river. This fellow, too, doesn't sure." sion for me to treat him as politely as I do; he doesn't seem to notice it at all. If I was as "Ozark, I reckon that you and I had better | black as the ace of spades instead of being a pretty girl, as every one says I am, he couldn't

Then Missouri walked to the swinging glass of the bureau; the rays of the rising moon, suppose, Foxeroft, that you don't care to tramp growing stronger and brighter each coming minute, shone into the apartment and gave light enough to enable the girl to see her face

"I'm not so ugly, I know!" she mused. "I wonder if this is the best way to wear my trive to step into some cursed mud-hole that I hair?" she murmured, in a way that plainly benever discover until I am up to my knees in trayed profound thought, and resting both elwater. And then, to night, I came within an bows on the bureau she gazed pensively into

> over the important question. Then, with a sudden motion, she raised her hands and removing the hair-pins allowed the magnificent jet-black tresses to stream down

over her shoulders. "That is the way I looked when—" then the girl paused and blushed up to her temples; she was annoyed that one subject ran ever in her transferred to her husband's pocket-book, and my balance and went over flat on my back in a thoughts. "What a goose I am!" she exclaiminside her glove was slipped the free pass for nest of brambles that nearly tore me all to ed, petulantly. "I really believe that I am bepieces. I repeat what I said when I came here before: I am not coming here again if I can help myself."

"We'll try and arrange that all right," Fay
"We'll try and arrange that all right," Fay-

> kneeling in prayer by the bedside, the image of the red-coated overseer would come to her Pete looked on in silence. despite her determination not to think of him. Missouri's slumbers, that night, were light and broken. With the first shrill crow of rumpet-tongued chanticleer, the herald of the coming morn, the girl awoke. Turning over restlessly on her side, she endeavored to com-"Certainly," Fayette said. "pose herself to sleep again, and, just as she had "Of course," Ozark added; "and if you ain't closed her eyes with intent to woo the presence of balmy slumber's chain, the opening of a door, followed by the cautious tread of a man's footsteps, caught her attention. She sat bolt upright in bed and listened for a moment. Her ears had not deceived her; she heard the step

But, even when attired for slumber, and

f the overseer. "Why, it is not yet light," she murmured; "where can he be going at this hour?" To jump up and wrap a loose robe around her was but the work of a second; then she

sprung to the window, her little white feet pattering almost noiselessly upon the floor-matting. She heard the stairs creak under the descending tread; heard the man unlock the front door—the key of the massive old-fashioned lock always shrieked as if in torture when it turned wamp.

Watched him as in the dull gray light—almost red thar. I know better, I tell yer!"

Foxcroft and Jim Crow had gone off toward as thick as the gloom of the night, he walked "Perhaps some one else has been here and lown the carriage-way toward the main road. Missouri watched him until he was out of

sight. Great was the wonder in the young girl's mind. No sleep for her that morning. She dressed herself, and a hundred times she put the mental question, "What does it mean?" The overseer proceeded straight down to the road, and at the junction of the private laughing. way with the main one, he found old Uncle

"Good-mornin', sar," said the negro, touching his hat politely. "I'se on time you see, "Yes; I'm a little later than I intended,"

Texas replied; "let's paddle ahead at once." Onward the two went, at a pretty brisk pace. The old negro was a good walker, despite his

Just as the streaks of light were beginning to line the eastern skies, the two came in sight of the deserted cabin by the borders of the swamp. "Dar she am!" exclaimed the black, point-

The two entered the old ruin. The negro lighted the bit of candle, then went to the

"Here it am, sar," he said, getting down on bank." The outlaw left the shanty, and his confed- bin; an' when I heered him tell what fotched his knees and examining the lower log.

Texas bent over him. He noticed a small cavity in the log, but it did not seem to be over an inch deep.

"Is that it?" he asked, pointing to the hol-"No, sar," the negro answered; "dat is only fur to mark de place whar de box is, in case we done forgit it."

Then the negro dug his nails into the bark of the log about three inches from the hollow spot, and pulled up a piece of bark about four AFTER leaving old Uncle Snow's shanty the nches long by two wide, which revealed a little cavity underneath, in which reposed a tin

tobacco-box. The manner in which the hiding-place had been arranged was simple enough. A piece of bark had been carefully cut out, the cavity dug out underneath, and then the bark had been returned to its former place and firmly pressed

"Dar she am, safe and soun'!" exclaimed the old negro, in triumph.

"Now, Uncle Snow, before I open the box I'll write my full name on this card," and Texas took a card and pencil from his pocket and scribbled a name on it. "In the box we'll find a paper, and when you read it you'll see that it belongs to me." "All right, sar."

Then Texas took the box from its hidingplace and opened it, while the old negro looked on with eyes widely distended.

A cry of surprise came from both of the two. The box only contained a few little scraps of torn paper, evidently the remains of a letter, clear that it had not been in the box for any length of time.

"Fore de Lord!" exclaimed the negro, in

wonder, "some one has been hyer afore us!" "Yes, it looks like it," Texas said, dryly. "Massa Texas, I hope I may die dis bressed min'te if I ebber touch de t'ing," the old negro said, solemnly. The thought had occurred to him that perhaps the overseer would imagine

he had tampered with the box.
"That's all right, Uncle Snow, as far as you're concerned," Texas said, thoughtfully; but some one evidently has been at it. These scraps of paper don't amount to much, but whoever left them in the box has got possession of the paper that was originally hidden there. He's a blind idiot, whoever he may be; evidently his idea was that, when the box was found, the scraps of paper would lead to the belief that they were the remains of the original document; but they may serve as a clue for me to find out who has rifled the box." pressed spitefully between the little white Then Texas closed up the box and put it in his

"I say, Massa Texas!" exclaimed the negro. suddenly, "s'pose you look outside; mebbe you mought find some tracks fur to tell you who's bin hyer." Texas shook his head doubtfully.

tramped in without any caution, and it will be difficult to distinguish other footmarks—if there be any-from our own. But I'll look, though. The search was fruitless, even in the rapidly

"I don't know about that," he said; "we

strengthening light of the morning.
"It's no use," Texas declared; "we might as well make tracks for home. We're clean. beat, in this game.' The two proceeded to retrace their st each vainly speculating as to who had disc

ered the hiding place of the box.

At the plantation, Texas parted with the ne gro, with a caution not to mention any thing about the affair to any one. Old Uncle Snow trudged down the road toward the town.

"'Fore de Lord, I t'ought dat dis yere ole

nigger was gwine to git dat hundred dollars,

CHAPTER XXXII.

STUMPING THE SQUIRREL. Down on a fallen tree-trunk, close to the ferry over the Catfish, sat Gol Adair, Lieu-

tenant Winnie and Dutch Pete. The three were only a yard or so from the hollow tree known far and wide as "Gol Adair's Bank," wherein, through the knot-hole in the trunk, the passers over the ferry deposited their fare.

Doubt and wonder were on the faces of the On Gol Adair's knee sat the squirrel who acted as paying teller of the bank. Even the squirrel seemed bewildered and

Gol Adair was lecturing the little animal

downcast.

with upraised forefinger, while Winnie and A wonderful event had occurred. For the first time, Gol Adair's "bank" had "suspended," and refused to honor his demand. The squirrel had descended as usual after the twenty-five-cent fare that Texas had told Gol he had deposited in the knot-hole before passing over the flat-boat ferry with Missouri, on the morning he had rescued her from the close embrace of the yellow Arkansas, and the

squirrel had come up out of the tree with "nary stamp," as Gol had expressed it. The little animal had evidently "gone back" on his master. It was apparent that he squirrel was beginning to get the idea in his head that he was cashier instead of paying eller, and had a right to run the bank as he durned pleased."

"Look a-hyer now, nimble-legs; this ain't a-gwine to work!" exclaimed Gol, who had nade up his mind to reason seriously with his bright eyed, bushy-tailed servant. "It's played out now, fur sure; I know that thar's a deposit of twenty-five cents in that yere bank, an' it ain't no use fur you to dive down an'

got it out," suggested Winnie. "'Tain't possible!" Gol exclaimed; "it can't be did!" And then a sudden idea struck him. "By hookey!" he cried, "s'pose some nosouled critter has bin trainin' another squirrel on a knot-hole bank?" "That would be a joke!" said Winnie,

"If that's so, my institution is bu'sted," Gol remarked, very seriously. "This hyer bank will never stand two a drawin on't. I'll either hev to sell out or shoot the other crit-

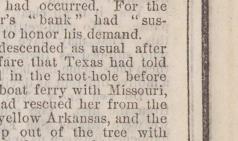
"Did Texas tell you that he had put the fer-riage in the tree?" Winnie asked. "If he didn't, I dreamed it," Gol replied, du-

"What did he tell you he put in?" "Twenty-five cents." "A stamp?"

Gol demanded, in wonder. "Why, he might have put in a silver piece." "Oh, thunder!" exclaimed Gol, suddenly; 'I never thought of that. So he might, an this leetle no-eared, bushy-tailed critter was trained on stamps. I reckon he wouldn't know 'nough fur to bring up a quarter if thar were a heap down in thar. Silver is so mighty skeerce that I never reckoned that any one would make a specie deposit in this hyer

"Of course! What else would he put in?"

"T'll bet you a dollar that that is what



I reckon you're right, an' you don't get nary dollar out of this chile on a sure thing," Gol replied.

"S'pose you drop 'nother quarter in and make squirrel fetch-how's dat?" Pete asked, for the first time taking part in the conversa-

Winnie as he did so.

"Nein; me no got so mooch," Pete said, with a stolid face.

exclaimed; "old man, you can't get Pete's in stead." quarter on deposit in that bank!"

Gol, with a comical grin. Winnie. "That will do for the experlment."

der encourage the little critter," Gol said, with | the thing." "No; the cent is just as good," Winnie re-

plied; "I don't care to take any more stock in your bank than I can help.' The young soldier rose to his feet and tossed

the penny in through the hole in the tree. Then the squirrel was dispatched on his misof the hole empty-handed.

again, or else git another squirrel an' train him | Panama, much less live toon silver.'

ducks down the river that morning. "Good-by; me comes back soon," the Ger-

"Whar yer bound?" demanded Gol. "Walk!" was the lad's laconic reply.

"Down to see Tilda, eh?"

" Maybe."

'Wal, look out for that ring-tailed wild-cat, Yell Ozark; he's squintin' arter Tilda himself,' said Gol, warningly "Me look; not 'fraid if he was der tuyvel,'

Pete returned, as he walked off down the river. "That boy 's clear grit from his head to his Pete had got out of hearing. "I would feel a | all the written leaves untorn. mighty sight easier 'bout him, though, if that pesky varmint, Yell Ozark, was run out of the an entry, evidently the last made: "LAT. 7 country." 20! N. Long. 82° 12! W. Light Breeze."

"I don't think that he'll be around much me when I was in Little Rock, about a week ago, that he was going to send a squad after Ozark very soon, with orders not to return un-

"I don't hanker after blood much, but a wild beast like Ozark ain't fit to live," Gol said, gravely.
(To be continued—Commenced in No. 181.)

The Specter Barque. A TALE OF THE PACIFIC

BY CAPT. MAYNE REID, AUTHOR OF "TRACKED TO DEATH," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER LXXVI.

THE LOST LOG-BOOK. No common pirates, then; no mere crew of mutinous sailors, have carried off Carmen Montijo, and Inez Alvarez. It has been done by Francisco De Lara, and Faustino Calderon. sure. He's a dear, good-hearted soul; and er continuing on for Panama; while the barque, For though they discover no evidence of the latter having been aboard the barque, it is deduci-ble, leaving no doubt. With a scheme like that he'll allow us enough men to man the barque— 20' N. intersects that of long. 82° 12' W. in prospect, such conspirators were not likely to and enough to make short work with the pirate

Now cognizant of the whole plan, with its them. I only wish we were in Panama." particulars, the young officers stand gazing in one another's faces, both showing an expression | beside the ruffians. of the most piteous wretchedness. The new robbers. But they would rather that than know them in the power of De Lara and Cal- dollars to be in their midst-even alone." deron. From what they remember of these treatment-to ruin.

"Yes; it is all clear," says Crozier, after a this. That may have influenced the others I've placed in you. Now, let's talk no more who shipped as their confederates, but with about it, but bend on all the sail we can, run on guidly on points of projecting rock, or lie

from the first. You remember what I said as we were leaving San Francisco. After what happened between us and the two scoundrels, I had my fears about our dear girls being left in the same place with them. Still, who'd have his promise to protect them. I remember his saying he'd lay down his life to shield them."

what Don Gregorio says he must have done it, having recovered strength, is able to take a and leagued with the other eleven. It appears there was that number, besides Blew. Of the four who spoke Spanish, two no doubt were | sionally comes on deck. De Lara and Calderon, the others their confederates who lay in wait for us that night. Oh! himself, but tenderly cared for by the others. that they had succeeded in their intent. I could wish they had killed me!"

admit things have a black look, but they may

obliged to join her." "Obliged! There's no obligation for a man reckless as I—as this misery makes me. Unless Captain Bracebridge consents to assist us tenant looking at it. in the search we contemplate, I shall go alone.' "No, Crozier; not alone, there's one that'll midshipman, saying:

of the American coast, till I find where they've put ashore. I tell you, Cad, I love Carmen Montijo better than my life. And when a man feels that way he may do much. I have money feels that way he may do much. I have money at my command—a large fortune—and I shall for the sears bed they are now sleep. These years of her suffering. It is an over now; one which looked into a shaded, harlow aney. They are now sleep, released from all earthly the truest, most unselfish love will die out of imports, is likely not a very nice place to make its own hopelessness, and mine died when I learned how her heart had clung, through all, it with this west wind—"

Steamer to now sleep. These years of her suffering. It is an over now; one which looked into a shaded, harlow aney. They are now sleep. These years of her suffering. It is an over now; one which looked into a shaded, harlow aney. They are now sleep. The chart's correct. 'Punta Malo,' as its name ing their last sleep, released from all earthly the truest, most unselfish love will die out of its own hopelessness, and mine died when I learned how her heart had clung, through all, it with this west wind—"

Steamer to now sleep. The chart's correct. 'Punta Malo,' as its name ing their last sleep, released from all earthly the truest, most unselfish love will die out of its own hopelessness, and mine died when I learned how her heart had clung, through all, it is an over now; of her suffering to the chart's correct. 'Punta Malo,' as its name ing their last sleep, released from all earthly the truest, most unselfish love will die out of its own hopelessness, and mine died when I learned how her heart had clung, through all, it is an over now in the truest. The chart's correct. 'Punta Malo,' as its name ing their last sleep, released from all earthly the truest, most unselfish love will die out of its own hopelessness, and mine died when I learned how here had a large of a man's figure lounging in an opposition of the truest in the truest is an opposition of the release of th at my command—a large fortune—and I shall spend it all to punish these pirates. If it must interrupting him. be, I shall leave the service. My commission may go to the deuce."

'And mine. I'm with you in any way. What a pity we can't tell the place where they raises it to his eye, while he holds it there, sayput in. They must have been near land to ing: take an open boat?"

"In sight of-close to it. I've questioned standing this way. She'll run across our bows. Don Gregorio. He knows that much, and but | Up helm, and set the barque's head straight for little more. The poor gentleman is almost as bad- her. That's our best way.

said Winnie. "I remember, too, I heard coins ma in about two days after. As the boat was assisting, board tacks and sheets and trim sails The change has been of singular consequence "It is probable the fellow understood the case jingle in his pocket as he sat down that night being rowed away he saw her through the for the changed course.

'The old negro can tell no better story?" "I've questioned him, too. He's equally sure of their having been close in to the coast; but what part he has no idea, any more than the ourangs. However, he states a particular senger packet; and as there are no others in til all the others seem alike inspired with it. second detective upon the ground; one of those "I swow, that is a good idee!" the old hun- fact, which is more satisfactory. A short that part of the Pacific Ocean, she can only be ter exclaimed. "Now, Pete, you don't say much, but when you do talk, it's chunks of ing over the side, and saw a strangely shaped of the caught rain-water. Enough of both to low on with a persistency which never swerves that was why he took notice of it. That's the destination the latter. sum and substance of his topographical knowl-

"If the skipper had kept his senses, he could have told us all about it. He must have known shreds from her yards. This of itself would be "What in thunder is the use of making a motion of he can't carry it out?" demanded where he was when the barque was abandoned. Where he was when the barque was abandoned. Where he was when the barque was abandoned. The morning of the tenth day some change admitting me into conndence. Professional whole the morning of the tenth day some change admitting me into conndence. Professional whole where he was when the barque was abandoned. It is observable in the conduct of the starving where he was when the barque was abandoned. The professional connection of the tenth day some change admitting me into conndence. Professional whole where he was when the barque was abandoned. It is observable in the conduct of the starving below the professional admitting me into conndence. Professional whole where he was when the barque was abandoned. It is observable in the conduct of the starving below the professional admitting me into conndence. Professional admitting me into conndence. Professional admitting me into conndence. Professional admitting me into conndence where he was when the barque was abandoned. It is the professional admitting me into conndence where he was when the barque was abandoned. It is the professional admitting me into conndence where he was when the barque was abandoned. It is the professional admitting me into conndence where the professional admitting me into connection where the profession where the profession where the profession where the prof "I've got a big penny in my pocket," said one think the very Fates were against us. But mast-head—the ensign of Chili. Tinnie. "That will do for the experiment." I say, Ned, we've never thought of looking at that they know it to be a signal of distress ap-

It ought, and doubtless would, if we only had it. You're mistaken in saying we've never the steamship, on coming near, orders her enthought of it; I have; and been looking for it gines to reverse action, till the huge leviathan, all the time you were taking your nap. It's late coming at the rate of twelve knots to the gone; and Heaven knows what's become of it. hour, gradually lessens speed, and at length lies They may have thrown it overboard before motionless upon the surface of the sea. leaving; though what good that would do Simultaneously the barque being "hove to," shape, and threatens soon to become the subject Women like her seldom feel very deeply and sion, but, after a minute or two, he came out them I can't see. The cook says it used to lie her sails cease propelling her, and she also of speech—perhaps action. on a little shelf in the companion-way. The drifts, less than a cable's length between the two. been trained on stamps, an' don't understand and everywhere else, but no log-book. As you that silver an' copper air valuables. I see that say, it's enough to make us believe the Fates I will have to commence his eddication over are against us. If so, we shall never reach

"Look!" exclaims Cadwallader, interrupting Then Pete rose suddenly to his feet and cast | the lugubrious speech of his comrade. "See his rifle into the hollow of his arm. All three those brutes! What's that there knocking of the men were armed, as they had been after about? By Jove, I believe it's the log-book!" These brutes are the Myas monkeys, that, away in the waist, are tossing something be-

tween them; certainly a large book bound in but not for its crew to board her; Crozier has rough leather. They have mutilated the bind- already traced out his course of action. Sliping, and with teeth and claws are tearing out | ping down into the steamer's boat, he requests the leaves, as each tries to take it from the her crew to row him to their ship, which they

both officers rush off to rescue it. They succeed; but not without difficulty, and a free handling of handspikes, almost braining the apes, before they relinquish it. ery ruinous condition. But, fortunately, with

Turning to the last of these, there is found "Good!" exclaims Crozier, rushing back to longer," Winnie said. "General Smith told the quarter-deck, and bending over the chart; "with this and the double-headed hill we may yet get upon the track of the despoilers! Cad old boy, there's something in this. I have a ing the barque, but to go with him in pursuit

presentiment that things are taking a turn, and of the pirate crew that abandoned her. the Fates will yet be for us.' "God grant they may."

men aboard the barque, or even six, I'd never his credentials. think of going on to Panama, but sail straight With a 'light breeze' they could not have made | despite their common attire. And amidst their much way afterward, and, running for Panama, the high land seen at night should be Punta | the right. Marieta. They've put in somewhere along the coast of Veragua; and there we'll come upon

crew, if we can once get face to face with

"I'd rather we were off Coiba, or on shore

"Not as we are now, three against twelve; discovery has increased it. It was painful to for though there's six of us, three can't be think of their sweethearts being the sport of counted." "I don't care for that; I'd give ten thousand

"You'll never be there alone. Where you two men, the poor girls are doomed to ruffian | go I go. We have a common cause, and shall stand or fall together."

"That we shall. God bless you, Cadwalla-"No gold-getting has brought about der! I feel you're worthy of the friendship

CHAPTER LXXVII.

THE ANSWERED CALL. THREE days have elapsed and the Condor is still standing on an easterly course. Several ever thought of their following them aboard of her torn sails have been patched, or replaced ship? Above all with Blew there, and after by others, so as to hold wind; and she now makes way at the rate of seven knots an hour. Grunnet is at the wheel, though not always "He swore it—to me he swore it. It's hard there. The two young officers have been steer in the boat-sail-spr to believe he has broken his oath. But from ing turn and turn with him; and the old negro from their shirts.

Don Gregorio is also convalescing, and occa-

they have been favored by fair winds and a sight. "Dear Ned, don't talk so despairingly. I calm sea, such as gives its name to the Pacific. And now, on the morning of the fourth day, brighten. I have got a sort of belief they will. a fresh breeze bears them on in the course they What do you propose doing after we get to desire to run. They are heading straight for Panama? If we find the frigate there, we'll be the Bay of Panama, with the hope of soon en-

> The two young officers are by the capstan, having the chart spread upon its head, the lieu-

It is Grunnet who gives the information. The young officers, turning with a start, see some rather desiring death. the same. Crozier, laying hold of a telescope,

"You're right, coxswain; it is a steamer, and

Not so easy for those aboard the steamship ed, with some sails set, and others hanging in ashore.

pealing to their sympathy.

From the steamer the hail comes: "Barque ahoy. What barque is that?"
"The Condor—Valparaiso—in distress!" "Send a boat aboard!"

"Not strength enough to man it." "Wait, then; we'll tow you." In less than five minutes time one of the quarter-boats of the liner is lowered down, and a crew leaps into it. Pulling off from her side, it soon touches that of the vessel in distress;

do without questioning. The uniform which "It is-it must be!" responds Crozier; and he wears entitles him to respect-to command. Stepping on board the steamship, he sees that she is what he has taken her for: a packet from San Francisco - en route to Panama. She is crowded with passengers, at least a thou-The book is at length recovered, though in a sand standing upon her decks. They of all qualities and kinds, all colors and nationalities. ing to their homes, some successful, and consequently cheerful, others downcast and disap-

> pointed. officers; then to the passengers. For to them he makes appeal, not alone to assist in navigat-

He makes known his position, and power to reward; both indorsed by the commander of "Ah!" sighs Crozier, "if we had but ten the steamship, who by chance can answer for

They are not needed. Nor yet the promise for the island of Coiba. For the chart shows of a money reward. Among the stalwart that the land they sighted must have been either men who return from California, even the ragthat or Nicaron, that lies on its sou'-west side. gedest, are many who are heroes, true Paladins,

rags, pistols and knives ready to be drawn for After hearing the young officer's tale, coupled with the appeal he makes, twenty men spring their traces. Great God! What wouldn't I forward in response to it. Not for the reward give for ten true fellows! A thousand pounds offered, but as volunteers in the cause of huapiece. I only wish the cutter's crew had been manity and justice. He could select twice, or thrice the number. But deeming twenty en-"Never fear, Ned; we'll get them again, or ough, with these he returns to the Condor. as good. Old Bracebridge won't fail us, I'm The two vessels then part company, the steam-

when he hears the tale we've to tell, it'll be all now better manned, and with more sail set, is right. If he can't come along with the frigate, steered for the point where the line of lat. 79

CHAPTER LXXVIII.

HORRID CRAVINGS. THE pirates are still upon the isle, where by

nisadventure they made landing. Far different their appearance from that when they stepped ashore with their plunder

In truth they were scarce recognizable as the same men. Then in full strength of body, and swaggering confidence of spirit, their tongues given to loud talk. Now they look like skeletons, stalking about silently and with subdued mien. Some do not stalk at all, but sit lanthem the scheme has been more comprehensive, a motive different as devilish. I see it all now."

"Do you know, Ned, I half suspected it all the san we can, run on guidily on points of projecting rock, or he astretch along the earth; not for resting or pleasure, but from sheer inability to stand erect.

Famine has made its imprint on their faces; hunger and thirst long endured, and still torcan be read in sunken eyes and traced on their hollow cheeks.

Not strange that it can. For ten days they have tasted no food save shell-fish, and the rank run in a river and I would bridge it over to flesh of predatory birds, both in scant supply. And no drink excepting some rain-drops caught in the boat-sail-spread for the purpose, or wrung and generosity of my love through whatever

For ten days they have kept vigil, without seeing sign of human life save their own. A on the highest point of the isle, has failed to most confiding friendship, the deepest trust, Alas! for poor Lautanas; he is still beside catch the eye of any one on the main shore. and his fate was just retribution overtaking imself, but tenderly cared for by the others. Or if seen, the signal has been disregarded. him. If it rested with me simply and I had Ever since the night of that terrible storm | And no vessel has passed coastwise within | the power, I doubt if word or look of mine

Explored on every point, the sterile rock of-fered nothing fit for the construction of a raft -not a stalk bigger than a bean-pole.

The first fears have been realized. They seem as far from all chance of being rescued, as f cast away on a coral reef in the middle of

Repentant are the pirates now, doleful as clasped hands with a weary sigh. they dwell on their future. Willingly would "You thought rightly, my l

"Steamer to nor ard!" cries a rough voice, agony, as the demon of hunger gnaws at their There, not a word! My weaknesses of this per, shrinking at that faint sound of her own vitals, and thirst within their throats scorches sort are not frequent and would not bear even voice-"always there, or in the room above;

if not softened to true gentleness.

having evinced more humanity than the rest. | safety."

to their captives. These are no longer restrain- better than you intended he should; at least he stern windows. She appeared to make for some land not far off, lit up by a clear moonlight. That's all I can get out of him."

Soon the two vessels steered in opposite distance between. And lessen the distance between. And insult is not offered. No rudeness either of gave him the idea of betraying it to the mur. lates on the character of the other. They on speech or feature. On the contrary, they are dered man's son. Etoile's identity was discov. board the barque have little difficulty in decid- treated with studied respect, almost with defer- ered, too, and the true story pieced together ing upon that of the steamer. At a glance ence. Harry Blew, apparently the first to feel with tolerable accuracy. My man discovered they have seen she is not a war-ship, but a pas- this sentiment toward them, has directed it un- that. I did not tell even you that there was a

much, but when you do talk, it's chunks of solid wisdom. Gi'n us your quarter," and Gol stuck out his hand to the German, winking at stuck out his hand to the German winking at t very men who have made misery of their lives. | count with no other inducement than his devo-Thus has it been for days; till the night of tion to his business and the comparatively

edge. Limited though it be, I like it the best. to make out the character of the craft, that has of the ninth; when a heavy rain-fall, filling the small reward the county offers, which will Winnie laughed outright. "Euchered!" he | That double headed hill may some day stand us | turned up in their track, standing straight to- | boat's sail, has enabled them to replenish the | doubtless be doubled by the State authorities. ward them. They see a barque, polacca-mast- beaker, with all the other vessels brought I found him out through his sounding me, sus-On the morning of the tenth day some change admitting me into confidence. Professional

> His going crazy at this time is enough to make thing besides, a flag reversed flying at her crew. No longer athirst, the kindred appetite has become keener, absorbing every thought-Mattering not what its nationality; enough every instinct of their souls. It looks wolflike out of eyes sunken in their sockets, and is seen in their glances as they regard one an-Responding to the appeal, the commander of other. In the eyes of some there is an expression more than fiendish; for it is the cold, calculating gaze of cannibalism.

It has come to this, though no one has spoken of it. It is as yet only in their thoughts. But as hour after hour passes, it is taking tangible moved and strongly repressing her emotion.

the fair forms moving gently in their midst. There can be no mistaking his look. It is the

stare of the anthropophagist!
(To be continued—Commenced in No. 172.)

The Creole Wife:

BY MRS. JENNIE DAVIS BURTON, AUTHOR OF "CORAL AND RUBY." "ADRIA, THE ADOPTED," "STRANGELY WED," CECIL'S DECEIT," "MADAME DURAND'S PROTEGES," "THE FALSE WIDOW," ETC., ETC.

THE COUSIN'S SCHEME.

CHAPTER XXIV.

COMPLETELY VINDICATED. "HAVE you made any discovery, Grandi-

which there seems not the slightest clue. He is not long in telling his tale; first to the commander of the steamship, along with his God help us all, Dorchester, if Etoile is ever God help us all, Dorchester, if Etoile is ever accused of that crime. I sent for Huff almost really came to him; he was at hand before a of my suspicions. That was the beginning, ery thing, heard every thing, himself unsus- Leland has been under constant surveillance. deress, he was prepared to do so at a moment's notice; he was in my pay, obeying my instructions in simply gathering such information as her intention upon leaving the Homestead of was possible, and in honor bound to follow my going to New York direct. She is wonderfully private behest. That was his way of putting it, but he knows I am in possession of some bear the light; against which the petty reward | man stricken with remorse and terror, just as offered by the authorities would not be a one of her superficial nature would be stricken straw's weight since he was sure of as much after committing such a crime, for it is a cowno solution but the one; that the unknown woman found upon the spot—I couldn't give him the whole truth of her story, you know—that sound his rival in the field, Huff. The latter she was undoubtedly the murderess. Think of all the dark facts looming up against her! If I did not know her innocence in my own heart, Dorchester, I should think with them all; if any other woman than Etoile had stood in her place, I should have believed her guilty. Heaven forgive me! I might even have believed it of her, but she looked into my eyes with her truthful ones and solemnly avowed her inno-

cence, and in all her life Etofle never lied." The stock-broker's naturally pale face was haggard and ghastly with his strong emotions. The two men were met in his city apartments on the same day which witnessed the events of | train here. She must be saved, and Griffith the previous chapter. Dorchester had just come up from Cassel; the stock-broker had been in the city since the funeral of a week before. He

past weakness, for his injustice to her, for his pitiful yielding to his cousin's guidance, but for this credulity,—this belief of his that she is out? It will be painful, and from my reading branded with the crime of striking that blow— of Mrs. Leland's character she will hardly fail even I do not blame him for that. Do you know what I would have done in his place, knowing how she had been wronged, how she had suffered, believing her guilt as he does, yet turing them. The dread insignia of starvation | weakly loving her in his heart through all? Had she been my wife, a thousand lives like Darcy Casselworth's should not stand between us; such black, treacherous blood as his might take her in my arms, to repay the nobility of her lasting, unwavering truth, by the strength trials might come. Surely it was no unpardonable sin to rid the earth of such a villain; he struck at more than life-a true woman's soul-

> would bring his murderer to justice." "Except for Etoile's sake. I did not suppose you would feel it like this, although I have thought sometimes--'

The speaker broke off his words, but his eyes, darkening with compassionate sympathy, expressed his comprehension of the other's weakness. Grandison dropped his forehead into his

"You thought rightly, my boy; but my like a consuming fire, they care little for life, your sympathy. Tell me any thing you may always where his eyes command this window have gathered regarding this desperate case. and the street below. Does it mean any thing, Boastful or obedient, all are alike humbled If she could only be persuaded to leave that or is it the evil conscience which needs no acnow. Even Gomez no longer affects to be their place! I have not had one easy moment since cuser making a coward of me now? His face! leader, and the savage brute Padillo is tamed leaving Cassel, but she would lose no time in shall I ever forget it as I saw it for one mo-By a sort of tacit consent, Harry Blew has come to be the controlling spirit—perhaps from last, but I have had terrible fears for her own fault—his own! He should not have an-

by beside himself as the skipper. A wonder he's and I so devoted to him! he should not insane, too. He says they had sighted land sary number of turns of the wheel, brings the natures are brought out, and the least hardened Huff whom you employed in the private detection.

Texas put in. They use a good deal of gold and silver where he came from, even now," The captain told them they would reach Panathe the steamer. The two officers, with the negro childhood. The best of the food—bad at best—has been unerring sleuth-hounds of justice who work pected him rather, and he had his reasons for picions were rather strongly founded. I suspected from the first, though in a vague and prejudiced way, Mrs. Leland.' 'Mrs. Leland!'

"It was a prejudiced suspicion at first, as I said-one which I would not have breathed without some surer grounds of belief that I was not doing her the deepest injustice. She was so strangely agitated that night while she sat by Darcy Casselworth's death-bed, strongly of speech—perhaps action.

One or two show it most; Padillo most of their grief. The knowledge that she had been all. In his glance the unnatural craving is leagued with him in that evil work of eight plainly recognizable-plain as his eyes follow | years ago, and her confession of the relation they had borne at the very last impressed me. There was an inconsistency, too, in her statement of their existing engagement and her late conduct. The very day before she had drawn the master of the Homestead to the verge of a proposal; we had that from Etoile, you remember. Then the knife found beside the murdered man was his own. Gilbert Casselworth, at the inquest, testified to having seen it on his father's table during the afternoon, and Mrs. Leland called at his rooms before evening. It was assumed that the murdered man had been felled by some other blow before the knife which dealt the death-stroke was secured by the assassin, that it had been left purposely as a means of complicating traces, But to my knowledge that knife was not in his possession when he left the hotel, a few hours before. Not one of the servants in the house could recall having seen Mrs. Leland between ner return from her drive, when Mr. Casselworth accompanied her, and the moment when we stumble upon perhaps once in a lifetime, to the maid answered the bell after he had been brought back to the house; then she had Even the knife found beside the murdered changed her carriage dress, not for her usual dinner costume, but for a neglige she was not known to have donned at that hour through her previous stay at the Homestead. These before Darcy Casselworth was cold after death last facts Griffith elicited after becoming aware move was made on the other side. He saw ev- and from the hour slie left the Homestead Mrs. pected, and he came to me on the day the Much has been found to strengthen the susmurdered man was buried. He came to say if | picion formed against her, little in the way of his work was to put his finger upon the mur- real proof or evidence. She is in quiet lodgings in this city, seldom going out, and then in the evenings and closely vailed; she avowed broken and nervous in even this short time; she sleeps little, eats little, and is startled at secret derelictions of his that would scarcely any interruption. Acting, in fact, like a woone of her superficial nature would be stricken from me. And he declared that there could be ardly nature at the bottom. Griffith is quite has his weakness in his liking for ardent spirits, and under the influence, boasted of having hunted his prey to earth and of soon claiming the reward, hinting at a last act of treachery in not leaving the matter to the option o his present employer, since his researches have proved the fact that Gilbert Casselworth is no

> "I did not wish to unnecessarily alarm Etoile, so wrote a short note to Miss Casselworth which will assure her, and took the morning back, prepared to cause Mrs. Leland's arrest.

better than a beggar, without means of his own

to pay the sum stipulated to the miserable

"I don't wish to be mixed with the workings of the law, Grandison, but I have helped hunt that wretched creature down, and I shall see "I have blamed Elmer Casselworth for his the affair on to the end. At the close of an hour I was to meet Griffith prepared for his duty. Will you come and see the painful scene in criminating herself.'

> Mrs. Leland was in her private parlor on the second floor of the lodging she had taken, a little dingy room, bare of all the luxurious appointments in which her sensuous tastes delighted. It was a dreary change from that spacious, elegant apartment she had occupied at the Homestead.

There was a change in Mrs. Leland. She had grown negligent about the little details of dress which she had been particular in preserving complete before this. Her abundant hair was banded back in a careless fashion, and a close observer might have traced the gray tarpaulin-rigged oar and boat-hook, placed up- love, a noble wife's honor. He betrayed the threads that had come quickly, in these ter days since we saw her last. She was haggard and worn, with purple hollows under the great gray eyes that had a feverish glitter in them. The faint tracery upon her forehead had deep ened to visible contrasting lines, and the dash es of vermilion on her cheeks and lips might have been the mockery of color on the face of a corpse in the ghastly contrast to her deathly pallor, and the strained, drawn look of the once

She was walking her floor in the hurried, nervous fashion, which had already unconsciously told against her. Her long, thin fingers locked and unlocked in a constant twitching After consulting it a while, he turns to the didshipman, saying:

"We're lucky in having this wind. If it the gold—too glad, could they but think that girl just budding into the same quarter for specific to the following the same quarter for specific to the past, and if they could, undo they restore your knowledge. It began when she was a painful gloom. The bright sunshine to which the following into the same quarter for specific to the past, and if they could, undo they restore your knowledge. It began when she was a painful gloom. The bright sunshine to which the following this wind. If it they recall the past, and if they could, undo they restore your knowledge. It began when she was a painful gloom. The bright sunshine to which the following the following the following the past, and if they could, undo they restore your knowledge. It began when she was a painful gloom. The bright sunshine to which the following the followi "Of course, Will, I know I can count on you. What I mean is if Bracebridge won't help us with the frigate, I'll charter a vessel he from whom they took it still lived.

It touched the house-ding in Victor Dupree's employ. It was help us with the frigate, I'll charter a vessel to he barque must have long since ceased to help us with the barque must have long since ceased to help us with the barque must have long since ceased to help us with the barque must have long since ceased to help us with the barque must have long since ceased to help us with locked into a shaded parrow alley the barque must have long since ceased to help us with locked into a shaded parrow alley the barque must have long to the barque must have long and I was a dingy little apartment. It touched the house-down into the street without, this map may be depended on, it should be the barque must have long and I was a long with the barque must have long and I was a long with the barque must have long and I was a long with the barque must have long and I was a long with the barque must have long and I was a long with the barque must have long and I was a long with the barque must have long and I was a long with the barque must have long and I was a long with the barque must have long and I was a long with the barque must have long and I was a long with the barque must have long and I was a long with the barque must have long and I was a long with the barque must have long and I was a long with the barque must have long and I was a long with the barque must have long and I was a long with the barque must have long and I was a long with the barque must have long and I was a long with the barque must have long and I was a long with the barque must have long with the barque myself, engage a crew, and search every foot promontory north side Panama Bay. I hope breathe. In the sea's bed they are now sleep- these years of her suffering. It is all over now; one which looked into a shaded, narrow alley.

restoring her husband's money supposed to ment staring with such ghastly reproach up at gered me! he should not have flung scorn in

She repeated it in that hollow whisper fiercely | shall write out my confession for me.' and rapidly, her fingers locking and unlocking

vocation and deep injury were justification for | no way affected by it. a dark deed, mine was justified. If ever man's falsity and cruel heartlessness merited punish- the younger man speaking still. "Let me rise up whenever I close my eyes in the night- | gard to the-the-crime.' end, and how long until then-how long-how

Was it an answer, that short, sharp rap at the door? She gave a great start with a halfshriek breaking upon her lips, and her breath coming in labored gasps. The knock was repeated and she recalled some of her old bravado as she crossed to turn the key, for her door

was kept always locked these days.

"The newsboy, of course," she whispered, self-assuringly. "It is his hour, and he always startles me." She started again and shrunk men grouped in the narrow passage. They advanced into the room, closing the door again, and in the two pausing by it she recognized Grandison and Dorchester. The third approached her as she stood speechlessly awaiting what she knew was to come

"Madame, it is my painful duty to arrest you upon the grave charge of murder. In the name of the law you are my prisoner."

Her burning, startled eyes glanced at the three grave faces. "Murder-prisoner!" she echoed, in her hollow, whispering voice. "It has come then at

How these ten days of mental torture had resistance! The spirit of cool effrontery which | not detain you longer. had advanced her schemes and carried her in triumph through many a trying scene before ing him in that moment, shocked inexpressibly

at the terrible change in her. "Before this officer carries his duty into effect, Mrs. Leland, if you have any thing to say to us as friends, I pledge my word that the confidence shall not be used against you hereafter. You need not fear to leave her alone with us

for a little while, Griffith.' The detective, with a quiet nod, went out,

"Sit down, Mrs. Leland." She sunk into the of eight years ago was all discovered. It was Grandison. you as the false Count Barcelli who succeeded from his wife. We know all that and much of | soul, I believe she's given me the slip." this late fearful tragedy and the events preceyou already know Etoile Dupree never diedthat she lives to-day, and but for this late tragedy would be reconciled to husband and friends to you in any way we may be able to again with two words: serve you now, as well." again with two words: "Prussic acid!"

"Friends," she repeated, her despairing eyes fixed upon him. "Friends! I never had one

Her weary, hopeless tones filled him with a Hardened, guilty, blood-stained creature that world had used always hardly, and in the the schemer, who had caused such bitter sufferstrength of his young, generous manhood, his ing, had been carried forth but little more than heart reproached him for being the one to a week before. It had another occupant now,

wronged and for whom we ask this act of justice as the simple atonement for her long suf- look, which it is sad to see on such. fering. The man who was her husband beto prove or disprove that—but your positive knowledge of her innocence? I pledge you do this, Mrs. Leland?"

she had commanded, except for brief inter- had unearthed. vals, for hours perhaps even days before this. She had been in that state when a great, everpresent haunting dread and terror, turns the mind in the last balance between reason and the goading insanity of fear and remorse.

last. "How much is known of it?-why have

worth's table that afternoon when you called that could result in no good to him. tive may have ferreted out stronger links yet; I am not in his confidence regarding his later knowledge. You know best what chance you stand, Mrs. Leland. Innocence may be assured

bringing its own punishment.' You are right—perhaps." She had started a days." little at that mention of the knife. "I am al- If any resentment had been lingering with which Jem promptly drove away by adding: most glad to give up the battle. It has worn Audrey, it died out then. upon me terribly as you can see. I killed him.
It is a relief to tell you quietly in this way;
I have shrieked it to myself so often, it has events as they all occurred, I would do the and that is sure to come yet. events as they all occurred, I would do the same again and feel that I had no more than Coming surely at last and very close at hand down on the threshold, watching the lovers broken every vow of honor and loyalty man can make, but I could have forgiven him all that had he been true at the last. He only paid that had he been true at the last. He only paid the penalty of his own broken vows and base white flight of marble steps.

The had higher the stage and advanced over the bery that surrounded the spring.

Well, now," he soliloquized, half inaudibly, "'pears as how Missy Nellie and Marse Jem the penalty of his own broken vows and base white flight of marble steps. the penalty of his own broken vows and base white flight of marble steps.

hypocrisy, but from that moment my hell on "Mamma, you indeed? And with that as how 'twill make a match some of these days."

been before me in his thoughts all that time! earth began. I have felt that it would come to peaceful face. Oh, mamma! is it true-peace But dey's worthy of each other-and I sha'n't If he stood before me this moment alive, I this, and I am scarcely sorry that it has. If at last?" should do the same, the same again!" | you will get pen and ink, I have none here, you

Her hard vindictiveness, cherished through in that quick, nervous way, intense passion darkening the sadly ravaged face, then began her restless walk again.

"I am not sorry for it; if ever taunting pro
"I am not sorry for it; if ever taunting pro
"I am not sorry for it; if ever taunting pro
"I am not sorry for it; if ever taunting pro
"I am not sorry for it; if ever taunting pro
"I am not sorry for it; if ever taunting pro
"I am not sorry for it; if ever taunting pro
"I am not sorry for it; if ever taunting pro-

ment, his did. But the horror of being haunted prove that I really meant the good will I exby that face, the terror and dread hanging over | pressed. We only ask for the statement of me, the fascination which holds me here when Etoile Dupree's innocence, and only for the I should be putting the width of half the world between that spot and me, the visions which advice of counsel before taking any steps in re-

you please with it afterward," she answered, justice had so deeply wronged.

"I have writing materials; I am never without them," Grandison sald, seating himself by a me a little more light, Carroll. I will take down your confession, Mrs. Leland."

It was a long one, comprising her life history as the reader has gleaned it from the foregoing chapters. One pitiful in its moral depravity, its utter lack of woman's finer sentiment, of all generosity and nobler impulse. The one abiding away as the door swung back to disclose three faith to which she had clung, the single loyalty she had ever owned, her love for Darcy Casselworth, which, had he been a different man, might have proved her redemption, had been her ruin instead.

Once Griffith came to the door, which Dorchester opened, but a word and a comprehensive glance within satisfied him. It was all written out, signed and witnessed at last. Mrs.

"I suppose I am to go with the officer," she said. "Call him in if you like." As Griffith entered she crossed the floor to an opposite door, swinging it open. "This is my bedroom; you can see for yourself there is no other outlet. broken her that she should make no show of Give me five minutes to prepare myself; I will

She shut herself in there, and the three men waited in the adjoining room. Grandison dried this had completely deserted her now. Dor- the last page of the manuscript, folded and chester stepped forward, his heart almost fail- | sealed it in a secure packet, marking its nature upon the cover. The five minutes passed, and ive more were added before any one moved. The detective turned himself restlessly then, glancing suspiciously at the closed door. No remark was made, however, and another five first wedded life. minutes perhaps dragged slowly away. Griffith started up then with an impatient ejaculation. "How quiet she is," Dorchester said, apprehensively. "Do you suppose she could have fainted in there?"

chair he placed for her without a word. "Let easily, knocking sharply at the communicating that pleasant Southern home, and the summer panting, beast-like breathing—she knew that me tell you plainly what we hope from you, door. No response from within. He tried the what you may wish when you know all. The knob, but the door was locked on the other it to the Homestead, and as the elders are urgpart you took in Darcy Casselworth's scheme side. He turned a flushed, excited face toward ing it, a permanent home will probably be estab- must die! As she ran, her lips trembled with a

in effecting the divorce of Elmer Casselworth mine; something is wrong in there. By my at Glenmere, happy and loving in being conge- us all, she ran on and on, till a great circular

The stock-broker complied, and in a moment ding it, the causes which could prompt the more the hinges gave way, the door fell back. crime with which you are charged. We do Mrs. Leland was there on her knees by the bednot ask any part of a confession to be used in side, her face buried in the covering. Griffith criminating you; we do ask an explanation was at her side in one instant, lifting the bowed like a speedy retribution. which may clear the long misunderstandings of head by main force, then fell back with a disa loving and suffering pair, which may close appointed oath. It was a woman's dead, distheir estrangement, and reflect the light of one | torted face he had upturned. Dorchester utact of just atonement done by you. I think tered a shocked exclamation, but Grandison folly. Miss Feversham jilted him at the last faint moan parted her lips—the cabin, the said nothing. He thought:

"It is only what I expected." He stooped to secure a little vial fallen at gedy would be reconciled to husband and child. We are here as her devoted friends; as her side, turned it to the light, and dropped it black-eyed lady who had given him a share of Then there was a plunge, an awful despairing

A carriage rolled swiftly over the level sunfriend in all my life. What is it you want of lit road from the Cassel station, and was checkme, as friends?" ed before the Homestead gates. The grounds were deserted; there was no stir anywhere There was a darkened room within the man-

she might be, she was a woman, one that the sion—the same from which the dead body of bring suspicion and discovery upon her. A a motionless, death-like form, but with life thought of Etoile brought back his nerve. young, fair face wearing a grave, careworn

lieves her guilty of this dark crime of which you are accused. Will you, to wipe out his unjust suspicion, write-not a confession of your | bones and internal injuries, the dangerous naguilt; we will leave time and proper evidence ture of which could not be definitely ascertained. Every care was bestowed upon him; the physician had scarcely left his side, and now, my word that the deposition so given shall that his experienced eye detected symptoms of reach no eyes but his, shall be used for no pur- his return to consciousness, the entire housepose but to vindicate her in his sight. Will you | hold was impressed with a heavy anxiety until the turn of the crisis could be known. Such a She did not answer immediately. Her gaze deep gloom had rested upon the place; the had fallen away from him to the floor. She whole neighborhood had been electrified withwas more collected than she had been, with in the last twenty-four hours by that story, more of her power of reasoning regained than spreading like wildfire, which the man Huff

said, in the same apathetic way, looking up at | Later, when the rumor of Gilbert Casselworth's | tiersmen were ever on the watch. accident spread, Huff disregarded all the instructions he had received before, making the vest suspicion to you. The strongest link of enemy. The man had yielded to his besetting rounded the clearing. evidence which can be brought to bear perhaps | habit after his baffled mission and fallen into | is that the knife you took from Darcy Cassel- his cups, which accounted for the indiscretion | the rustic sofa and soon became so deeply in-

at his apartments in the Cassel House, which | The rumor of this had reached the Home- passing time until the hoarse cry of the owl can be proved as out of his possession when he stead, adding to the gloom already weighing and the mournful wail of the whippowil adleft there, was the same which struck the mur-derous blows—which was found blood-stained as she slowly walked the long, silent corridor. shadows over the earth. and buried in the sand beside him. The detec- There was a movement in the door of the sick-

to hear his decision. "He will live," said the professional man, "I reckon there's no danger," returned Jem. "But I think he will never entirely recover" "It isn't very dark yet, and, besides, you provalid and probably a cripple to the end of his the edge of the wood.

seemed sometimes that the very people in the served one. It looks like Heaven's justice no great danger incurred by complying with streets must hear me. I killed him, and if that | meted out to those enemies of my mother; it | Jem's request, so Nellie called to the black boy day was to be lived over again with the other only needs her final vindication to prove it so, in the adjoining room.

wiped out his bitter, taunting, maddening in that moment. A half-dozen forward steps | walk slowly across the clearing to the wood words. He had injured me basely once; he had and she caught sight of the two figures that beyond till they disappeared amid the shub-

"At last, my own. I have come at last for my vindication, and to ask you of your father for a little time."

and see for yourself, darling mamma."

She drew her mother into the library door, and, pushing it open, lingered for a moment. Her father, sitting idle in one of those great and before he could cry out or offer any releathern chairs, rose up with a tremulous eagerness, which was incredulity for one momare that is never sleep—they will all drive me mad yet! They are only the beginning of the give it, word for word, and you can do what before the beautiful, saddened woman his in-"You shall write out the confession as I ment, and then he went down upon his knees an insensible condition.

Etoile, oh, Etoile! forgive, forgive!" Audrey closed the door softly, going back to the spot where Dorchester Dupree (let us give little table near her. "Turn that shade to give | him the name he had taken up again), the faithful, loving friend of her mother through those sorrowful years, still stood.

"They will be reconciled," she said, happy tears in her soft, dark eyes. "Don't judge my father harshly in your unswerving strength, He has been a weak man, but he was always a loving one, and I do believe the coming years of his life will testify to all his latent nobility aroused. And you who have been so true to her, how can I express my gratitude to you?"

they will no longer need so much may be my reward—my dearest earthly hope and blessing. I have leved you since I saw your pictured Leland rose then, steady and calm as either of child-face first. May I hope a return for that and ensconced herself in the midst of a dense long devotion, the first and only love of my

> He had it, not then, but months later, after Elmer Casselworth, re-united to his bride of seventeen years before, returned from the trans-Atlantic trip, their second wedding tour. Audrey, with two happy years added to her life, grown lovely as her best promise had foreshadowed, proved the depth of the lasting love which had strengthened during their separation, by willingly yielding the reward that the boy,

There is a fair, broad plantation redeemed to its former prosperous state, and a new handsome residence upon it where a young bride has | would fall crashing into her brain! Still she been welcomed. But they are a loving, close- kept on, hoping that something—she knew not Knit family, parents and children, so the winter | what—would intervene to save her. lished there.

nially mated, and Lora is still Audrey's cherished friend.

Gilbert is abroad, an invalid and a cripple, a miserable misanthrope who will never be reconciled to the hard fate which came upon him

Clement Artrell tasted the bitter dregs of the cup in learning all he had lost with Audrey, but he was spared the worst consequence of his relation to the Senatorial honors fading from | ming around her in mid-air, then all became her capricious fancy until a more eligible parti howl, a ghastly gurgling sound. The Indian appeared in the field.

THE END.

pity he had not imagined he could feel for her. about the house to give token of the life within. AN INCIDENT OF FRONTIER LIFE.

BY MARO O. ROLFE.

cultivated clearing, several acres in extent—a she looked within. Her lover was stretched on cabin of logs, built after the rude style of the the cabin floor in an insensible condition and hought of Etoile brought back his nerve.

"As friends to her before all, Mrs. Leland. granted for years to come, but just now the withal, with thick masses of morning-glory There was a leer of cruel triumph on the red In aiding you anyway we may, without sacri- balance hung evenly poised. Audrey was vine twining in and out and trailing gracefully fiend's face as his recking tomahawk trembled ficing duty or endangering her—the woman you | walking the corridor without silently, her over the small open windows and around the over his corpse-like victim. The girl saw it doorway, through which the golden sunlight | quivering a moment ere it descended, and closed fell in a broad, warm strip across the white-Gilbert Casselworth had been brought back sanded floor. At a little distance from the dwelling on the soul-sickening scene. The

> busily engaged, with the assistance of their she-oh God! she was powerless to save him! pretty brown-eyed daughter, Nellie, making In that one fleeting moment she seemed to suf preparations to visit some friends at their prai- fer all the dread misery and despair of a life-

Nellie was to remain at home to attend to the room, crushing in the skull of the Indian, and household duties—but not alone nor unprotect- without a groan he fell dead on the floor. Tom, ed. Her father had a colored boy, who helped | the black boy, had recovered his consciousness, him to till his small claim, and Jem Barry, a and seeing Jem's peril, he seized a flat-iron young pioneer, who was one day to call Nellie | from a peg in the wall and hurled it with dead-"wife," had volunteered, not reluctantly we ly effect at the savage, snatching the young may be sure, to fill the place of the settler as pioneer, as it were, out of the very clutches of He had been at the head of the party sent | nearly as might be during his absence. And | death. out to Wildbank Commons for the arrest of the with such protectors, Nellie felt confident that woman calling herself Mrs. Carroll. They had all would be as secure as when her father was put him on a bed. His consciousness returned found the place empty of any except the neat, at home, well knowing that they would be no after a short time, and is it a wonder that with elderly woman, who either could not or would | mean defenders of the cabin in case of an at- such care as Nellie's he soon recovered from "I am charged with the-the murder," she not give any information of her mistress' course. | tack by the Indians, for which the sturdy fron- | the effects of the terrible conflict? Love some-

With a parting admonition to the lovers to keep their wits about them and to close and "You have been under surveillance since the story of Etoile's escape from the fate generally bar the heavy oaken door and shutters as soon moment you quitted the Homestead, and your supposed to have been hers known, and openly as it should begin to grow dark, Mr. and Mrs. manner of action alone would attach the gra- accusing her of being the murderess of her Barton rode out of sight in the forest that sur-

Left alone, Nellie and Jem sat down on a litterested in each other that they heeded not the

"We had better close the shutters and bar room and the physician came out; she paused the door now, had we not?" asked Nellie, at

in its hope of vindication; guilt never fails in from the effects of his fall. He will be an in- mised to walk with me down by the spring at

There was a dissenting look on Nellie's face "It will be entirely safe. We can leave

Having given expression to this magnanimous determination, he paused to take breath. Then in a startled way, "Ki, now! what's

that?" Half rising to his feet, he listened intently. The noise was repeated. It was the sound as danger threatened you, of how narrow your of some one stepping cautiously about the escape had been, he broke down at last. His other apartment. He arose, and going quickly bitter indignation that others should think you to the door between the two rooms, peered into guilty swept away his own belief of it. Come the dusky gloom pervading the one adjoining. But seeing nothing to augment his suspicions, he was about to return to his post in the doorway, when he was roughly seized from behind, sistance, he received a stunning blow on the back of the head and rolled over on the floor in

Then three dark powerful forms sought concealment in as many places within the cabin, gliding out of sight like specters—then all was

Returning, walking slowly arm-in-arm, a few moments later, the lovers were not a little surprised at Tom's absence from the door, and Tellie spoke quickly and in a tone of alarm. "Something has happened," she said. "I am sure he would not have left his post unless—"

"All's well, I reckon," interrupted Jem, reassuringly. "He has probably gone inside for a moment. Come on—all is quiet." He stepped boldly over the threshold, and a moment later Nellie saw him struggling to free himself from the grasp of two powerful Looking down, an irresistible impulse came savages who had sprung upon him from behind the door. Uttering a loud whoop, a third In-

"By telling me when you can that the love | dian rushed out of the cabin toward her. With a wild, terrified cry, she turned and fled toward the forest, hoping to elude her pursuer in the darkness. She reached the woods in safety, thicket.

Soon the savage passed her, and with rising spirits she heard him walking from place to place through the shrubbery in search of her, but all the time going further away; and by and by his foot-falls gradually died away in the

distance. She emerged from her concealment and ran again back toward the cabin. She had passed over half the distance in safety when a loud, wild, exultant yell at the edge of the wood andreaming over the pictured girl-face, had first nounced that the Indian had discovered her and was again in pursuit. With increased speed The modern mansion was re-opened, and the she pressed forward, hoping to outstrip him, Casselworths—husband and wife—are happier | but she soon saw that that momentary hope there than ever in the earlier years of their was vain, for the savage was gaining on her

> A moment more and she would feel his rough grasp on her person; perhaps his tomahawk

"We'll soon see," the detective answered, un- never fails to see Mr. and Mrs. Casselworth in He was close behind her—she could hear his prayer that God would receive her soul. Still, "Quick, put your shoulder to the door with Mr. and Mrs. Archie Lariston are domiciled with that inherent love of life so strong within hole seemed to bar her progress; it was a well. She dared not pause to go around it, but, concentrating all her strength, she leaped over it,

and landed safely on the further side. Exhausted and weak, she sunk to the ground, and with another prayer resigned herself to her fate—the horrible fate that seemed inevitable. She heard a wild, exultant cry from the Indian and knew that he was close at hand. A low, moment, and with scarcely a sigh for the near | trees—the sky-every thing seemed to be swim-

had fallen down the well! It was fully ten minutes before Nellie came out of her fainting-fit and knew that she was saved-how she could not tell. Then a few moments passed-hours they seemed to herduring which her strength came back to her slowly, and she tottered to her feet and staggered toward the cabin door. All this time a desperate struggle had been going on inside. As she drew near she saw that an Indian lay A SMALL cabin stood in the center of a well- dead in the doorway. With a start of horror her eyes; but she could not keep them from breath—the man whom she loved more than Within John Barton and his good wife were life itself would be ushered into eternity! And rie home, twenty miles away to the westward. | time. Just then there was a shout, and some-They were to return the following day; and thing black and ponderous flew across the

Nellie, with Tom's assistance, raised Jem and

times works miracles! They were married a month later, and a hap-

pier couple lives not in the "West country."

A few Advertisements will be inserted on this age at the rate of fifty cents per line, nonpareil mea

NEW BOOKS.

BLACK JOHN, THE ROAD-AGENT; Or, The Prairie Sink. (BEADLE'S DIME NOVELS, No. 292.) By Jos. E. Badger, Jr.—A vivid portraiture of life on the border twenty years ago, when every settlement in Kansas had its element of disorder—every locality its nest of renegades from justice. Black John had a brief but noteworthy career. He "levied" on mail-coaches, travelers and settlers alike, and became a living terror. Yet the scoundrel, throwing off his disguise, mingled with men as a gentleman. He met his match in two persons who are the "heroes" met his match in two persons, who are the "heroes" of this romance of fact, and found in one true daughter of the border a woman brave enough to resist his schemes of villainy—in doing which she became the center of interest that peril and suffering always create. The story adds another to the long list of sterling books which have served to make Beadle's Dime Novel series so eminently popular and enjoy-

THE GOLDEN BELT; or, The Carib Chieftain's Pledge. (New and Old Friends, No. 12.) By Colin Barker.—What life in Cuba was in times past, ere yet the Carib had been driven from its soil by the bloodthirsty and avaricious Spaniard, this impressive story reveals, in a series of incidents and through a number of characters that give to each chapter a breathless interest. The romance is a true picture of the Carib's life and sad fortunes, thus familiarizing the reader under the guise of fiction, with strangely interesting chapter of early American his-

All the above books are now ready, and for sale by all newsdealers; or sent, post-paid, to any address, on receipt of price—Ten Cents each. BEADLE AND ADAMS, PUBLISHERS, 98 William Street, New York.

FOR SCHOOL EXHIBITIONS.

The Most Popular Books in the Market,

STANDARD EXHIBITION BOOKS. Each Volume 100 12mo. pages, clear type. Price Ten Cts.

DIME SCHOOL-BOOKS.

Beadle's Dime Speakers are replete with choice pieces for the school-room, the exhibition, for homes, etc. They are drawn from fresh sources, and contain some of the choicest oratory of the day.

American Speaker. 9. Juvenile Speaker. 10. Spread-Eagle Speaker
11. Dime Debater.
12. Exhibition Speaker.
13. School Speaker. National Speaker. Patriotic Speaker. Comic Speaker.

Elocutionist. Humorous Speaker. 14. Ludicrous Speaker. 15. Komikal Speaker. Standard Speaker. 3. Stump Speaker. School Melodist.

Beadle's Dime Dialogues are adapted to schools with or without the furniture of a stage, and introduce a range of characters suited to scholars of every grade, both male and female. Nos. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, are already issued. The above books for sale by all newsdealers, or sent, post-paid, on receipt of price—ten cents each. BEADLE AND ADAMS, Publishers, 98 William Street, New York.

BEADLE'S DIME PUBLICATIONS.

BEADLE AND ADAMS, 98 WILLIAM ST., N. Y.

YOUNG PEOPLE'S SERIES. Beadle's Dime Hand-Books for Young People cover a wide range of subjects, and are especially adapted to their end. They constitute at once the cheapest and the most useful works yet put into the market for popular circulation. Ladies' Letter-Writer. Gents' Letter-Writer.

Fortune-Teller. Lovers' Casket. Book of Etiquette. Book of Dreams. Curling and Skating. MANUALS FOR HOUSEWIVES.

Beadle's Dime Family Series aims to supply a lass of text-books and manuals fitted for every person's use—the old and the young, the learned and the unlearned. They are of conceded value.

1. Cook Book. 14. Family Physician. 5. Dressmaking and Milli-Recipe Book. 3. Housekeeper's Guide.

HAND-BOOKS. Beadle's Dime Hand-Books of Games and Popular Hand-Books cover a variety of subjects, and are especially adapted to their end. Base-Ball Player for 1873. Guide to Swimming.

Yachting and Rowing. Book of Croquet. Riding and Driving. Book of Pedestrianism. Chess Instructor. Cricket and Football. BIOGRAPHIES. Beadle's Dime Biographies are life-records

of eminent and noted characters, prepared, with great care, by the best authors. Each issue contains one undred pages 12mo., and comprises the matter of a large and expensive book. 1. Garibaldi. 9. John Paul Jones. 10. Marquis de Lafayette. 11. Tecumseh. 12. Gen. G. B. McClellan, 4. Anthony Wayne.

> 14. Abraham Lincoln. 15. Ulysses S. Grant. Men of the Time, 1, 2 and 3.

SONG BOOKS. Beadle's Dime Song Books, Nos. 1 to 31, conlection of copyright songs to

be found in the market. 17. 'Tis Finished.
18. Kiss me Dreaming. Widow Machree.
 Something Sweet. 19. Is that Croquet. 4. Stand by the Flag.
5. The Old Arm-Chair.
6. Bobbin' Around.

Jockey Hat.

20. We'll have to get Style. 21. The Grecian Bend. 32. The Fifth Avenue. Nelly Bly, Old Black Joe. 24. Mrs. Jinks Burlesque. Who'll care for Mother. 27. The Heathen Chinee.

11. Gay and Happy. 12. The Vacant Chair. 28. Girls, Don't Fool. 29. Dexter Smith. 30. Mollie Darling. Come in and shut Door Tenderly Lift Him. 15. When the Boys Come. 31. Dolly Varden. 16. Victory at Last.

MISCELLANEOUS DIME BOOKS. Pocket Songsters, 1 to 6. House that Jack Built. Books of Fun, 1, 2 and 3. The above books for sale by all newsdealers; or ent, post-paid, on receipt of price-ten cents each.

BEADLE AND ADAMS, Publishers, 98 William Street, N. Y. A Beautiful Apparition.

The Antelope Boy;

SMOHOLLER, THE MEDICINE-MAN, A TALE OF INDIAN ADVENTURE AND MYSTERY.

(STAR NOVEL, No. 128.) Now ready and for sale by all newsdealers, or sent cost-paid, to any address, on receipt of price—Ten

FRANK STARR & CO., PUBLISHERS, 41 Platt Street, N. Y. \$10 to \$20 PER DAY. Agents wanted everywhere. Particulars free. A. H. BLAIR & CO., St. Louis, Mo. 190

\$125 A WEEK! Best Cheap Shuttle Sewing-machine in the World. J. S. HAYES, Glen's Falls, N. Y.

SECRETS worth knowing. The Living Penny creeps from a tumbler, runs over the hands and other mysterious movements without visible Lots of fun in any company. Sells at sight. Also Secret Art of Catching Fish, Birds, Squirrels and Trapping generally. Both sent by mail for 50 cts. Address ping generally. Both sent by mail for 50 ct E. WING, P. O. Box 306, Fultonville, N. Y.

ATARR

Dr. William, the noted Cherokee Indian Doctor, has discovered a positive cure for Catarrh, and all other diseases of the nose and head, (a vegetable remedy,) called Dr. WILLIAM'S CATARRH SPECIFIC. One box is warranted to cure the worst case. Regular price by return mail, post-paid, \$2. Those who now suffer with the loathsome disease should suffer, if they don't use Dr. William's discovery. Williams Medicine Company, sole manufacturers and proprietors of Dr. William's Cherokee Indian Remedies, Portersville, Penn'a. Beware of cheap imitations ware of cheap imitations.

 $\$5\,t_0\,\20 per day! Agents wanted! All classes of working peowork for us in their spare moments or all the time than at anything else. Particulars free. Address G. Stinson & Co., Portland, Maine.

This Is No Humbug. BY sending 35 cents and stamp with age, hight, color of eyes and hair, you will receive by return mail a of eyes and hair, you will receive by return mail a correct picture of your future husband or wife, with name and date of marriage. Address W. FOX. P. O. Box No. 88, Fultonville, N. Y. 186-13t.*

BIG A 20 ct. Picture and Agent's Circular 10 cts. PAY

WOMEN, MEN, Girls and Boys wanted, to sell our French and American Jewelry, Books, Games, etc., in their own localities. No capital needed. Catalogue Terms, etc., sent Free. P. O. VICKERY & CO., Augusta, Maine. 181-13t.

Instantaneous Relief for Asthma, Gnaranteed to any afflicted by using Dr. William, th world-renowned Cherokee Indian Doctor's ASTHMA world-renowned Cherokee Indian Doctor's ASTHMA ANTIDOTE, (entirely vegetable.) It acts instantly and completely, relieving the paroxysm at once, enabling the patient to lay down and sleep. Thousands who once suffered now suffer no longer. In case of failure, we thank all to call or write and take back their money. Sent by mail on receipt of the regular price, \$2 per box. Williams Medicine Company, Portersville, Pa. Beware of chean institutions.



of cheap imitations.

DOMESTIC SEWING MACHINE GO., NEW YORK.

THE OTHER GRIMES.

The other Grimes we learn is dead; We grieve with sorrow sore. He always wore a genial smile With buttons down before.

No downcast, moping soul was his; He had a cheerful mien, And looked on the bright side of things With goggles large and green.

His learned mind the truths of life Was very quick to catch. He had perceptions bright and keen

With buck-skin pants to match. He loved in Nature's fields to roam. And friends and friendship prized, He loved the endearing ties of home, But jewsharps he despised.

The sad oppressions of the earth Caused him some tears to shed; He had a heart of gracious mold, But no teeth in his head.

True charity his study was; He pitied those who pine. The hopes of downcast men he raised, And pumpkins, very fine.

To look at him you would have said, "A kindly man is that." He wore the name of gentleman, But a most wretched hat.

True wisdom of the mind made bright His daily life and work,
His soul longed for the infinite,
And roasted beans and pork.

He sowed the precious grain of Truth
And harvested its fruits,
To bless the land he trod upon With heavy stoga boots,

He never bowed before the proud Because he thought it wrong. He prayed for better days to come, And chewed tobacco strong.

But on him fell affliction's hand To end a well-spent life.

He left the world to mourn his loss,
His widow was his wife.

DICK DARLING,

A CALIFORNIA STORY.

BY LAUNCE POYNTZ.

"MARSE DICK, I tells you dat dis yer won't do. Hyar we is all alone in the perarer; and ef dem painted debbles comes arter us, whar is we? Why, nowhar."

And Tom Nelson rolled the whites of his eyes in all directions, as if he expected to see the prairie alive with enemies.

Dick Darling laughed. He was a young fellow between twenty and thirty years of age, and he had known and escaped so many dangers that he had become somewhat reckless. Dick had been one of the first, in fact the very first man that ever rode on the Overland Pony Express, years before the Pacific Railroad was thought of. In those early days he had traversed mountain and plain so often, with packages worth millions, with no defense save his own arms, that he had grown to think that he possessed a charmed life. He was now traveling on the borders of Oregon, looking for a location to settle on, within a few miles of the Klamath and Modoc reservations, and with a secret object in his mind, which will develop itself in due time.

"Never mind, Tom," he said, carelessly. "The Indians round here are all quiet on their reservations, and I wouldn't care if we were to meet a whole tribe. I came here to pre-empt a claim, and I'm going to do it in spite of all the Klamaths in Oregon. If they come after us, we can run. If we want to find them, we always have Hector, and he's a better trailer than

any brave on the plains."

"Yas, Marse Dick," said the negro, dubiously; "but how is I to run wid dis ole mule? He's jes' as slow as he can be, and Hector-" The conference was broken off by a low, uneasy whine from a large hound which was lop-

"Dar, didn't I tole you so, Marse Dick? Tom's a gone nigger dis bressed day. Dem's Injuns! I knows Hector's ways like a book." Dick Darling swung his rifle round from his back and caught it under his right arm before he answered. Then he quietly observed:

ing along close to the riders, and Tom exclaim-

"You're right, Tom; they're Indians. Turn your mule and ride slowly toward Fairfield's ranche. I'll take care of you. Tell Miss Charlotte—I mean, tell the Fairfields that I shall be there by sunset, unless I lose my hair, which I don't think likely. Don't hurry, for they can't catch you. Keep a steady trot and you'll tire the ponies out, if you have a good start. Take Hector with you.

He had hardly finished speaking when over a swell of the prairie rode a plumed Indian, in full war costume, followed by at least a dozen warriors. As soon as the latter saw the two riders, they halted, and took a long, silent stare. For the first time Dick Darling looked grave; his keen and practiced eye recognized them as Modoc braves; and in spite of rumors of peace, they were all in their war-paint.

"Away, Tom, and God speed you," was the young man's exhortation. Then setting spurs to his horse, he galloped straight toward the war-party, while the negro, his face turning a dirty gray with fear, and his eyes rolling wildly, trotted away to the south-west, followed by the dog, the obstinate old mule keeping the same pace, and shaking his ears with a grunt at every new dig of Tom's heels.

The darky was by no means a novice in prairie lore. With a good horse under him and a rifle, he would not have hesitated to face the same enemy that his race so heartily detests. As it was, he had fallen in with his old friend Marse Dick when he was wandering about the settled portions of California, totally unarmed, and mounted on an old mule on which he had been peddling tinware to the farmers. The two had traveled on out of the bounds of civilization, Tom growing more uneasy every day, but ashamed to desert his comrade, till they came to the Klamath reservation, as we have de-

scribed. Now Tom rode off steadily to the south-west and speedily reached a swell of land which would hide him from the pursuit of those "painted debbles," as he called them. Just as he crossed the swell he heard a rifle-shot and

Dick Darling, one against a dozen, was galloping off at a right-angle to his own course,

pursued by all the Modocs, with loud yells. "Didn't I tole you so, Marse Dick?" muttered the darky, regretfully, as he plunged into Dick," was all she said. the next bottom. "I'se gwine to Fairfield's to guv you message, but, gorramighty, tain't no use talking. Dem'll nebber see you agen, nohow. You is smart, but Cappen Jack is

smarter." The negro pursued his way with caution and experience, keeping between the swells, followed by the dog, and never exposing his person are women of the true forest type, so widely apart, at the top of any eminence however slight. He | socially and by their surroundings, yet so near in kept toward the south-west, where, he was aware, was situated the ranche of Fairfield, the Indian trader, whose affiliations with all the for their story alone, is absorbingly readable, and tribes were such that his goods were never excites, in the reader, the most enthusiastic symharmed in any war.

commended him to go. Whether he would reach it alive was a moot point still. He could not hope to do it by speed. It all depended on whether any of the Modocs followed himself or not. He pressed on, ever and anon listening intently for the sound of pursuers. But none came and the hound gave no more tokens of uneasiness. Tom pursued his way in peace;

It was toward this place that Darling had re-

and about four in the afternoon uttered a cry of joy. Fairfield's ranche, a small neat dwell ing in the midst of a stockade of great strength, stood before him, as he turned the corner of a swell of land. The happy darky pounded vigorously at the sides of his mule, and succeeded Or in persuading the animal into a lumbering gallop, at which pace he clattered up to the gate of the stockade, yelling:
"Marse Fairfield, save yourself. De Injuns is up, and dem's done gone scalp Marse Dick

Darling, and he sends de news dat he comin' hyar at sunset if he hab any ha'r leff. Oh, gorramighty, ain't we jist had de big fight wid dem Modocs!"

He had hardly ended his speech when the face of a beautiful girl appeared at the wicket of the stockade, and a sweet voice said: "Dick Darling scalped? I'll never believe

that till I see his body. Why, I'd trust Dick to whip a whole war-party. You're afraid, that's all that ails you. Come in and see if you can tell a straight story."

And the gate flew open, revealing a tall, magnificently-formed girl, who beckoned the negro in, as if she had been used to war all her life. Somewhat abashed, Tom dismounted and entered, muttering:

"Dat ar' Missy Charlotte, Marse Dick's gal. Ain't she lubly, jist?"
A few minutes later the darky was in the stockade with his mule and dog, while old Fairfield, with his two beautiful daughters, Charlotte and Sophy, cross-questioned him strictly on the events of the morning.

When he had finished, all looked grave except Charlotte, who said, firmly: "He promised to come here this evening, and come he will. I know Dick."

Strange Stories.

THE ADVOCATE OF TERRACINA. AN ITALIAN LEGEND.

BY AGILE PENNE.

BENEATH the clear Italian sky lay the ancient town of Terracina, upon the gulf of the same name, which was fed by the blue waters of the fair Mediterranean, fairest of all the southern

On the tenth day of April, in the year 1598, worthy Pietro Rocca, landlord of the little inn on the outskirts of the town of Terracina, known to all as the inn of the "Golden Goat," and come to a reckoning here, over a bottle of and situated on the high road leading to Naples, rose betimes, and throwing open the doors of the hostel, prepared for the business of the day. Not that he expected much custom, for war's fierce alarm had made travelers few and far be-

that of throat-cutting, flourished.

As the fat host of the Golden Goat sat down under the shade of a huge Lombardy poplar to enjoy a flask of thin wine, pressed from the leave it here in charge of the host until we rered Sicilian grapes, a young man, plainly garbed in black, came slowly along the road. The sable suit, the flat, three-cornered student hat, sal; rogues all, they distrusted each other. as well as the pale face and utter absence of all "And weapons, told that the young man was a law glishman. scholar.

Twenty years before, Signor Nereto, the eminent advocate of Terracina, walking one bright drew a leather bag from beneath his cloak and town, came upon a babe securely nestled in a out told of precious coin within. huge earthen dish, and exposed at the foot of a "Suppose we fail in our expedience." Bands, who, from being soldiers in the time of us—then we can return and claim them." war, became robbers in the time of peace.

The lawyer, childless and alone in the midst | served. of his fame and wealth, took pity upon the In the hot noon of the prairies, a young man, placed the child in the care of some good peo- cautious Fleming asked.

age with the "gentlemen of the sword," as the soldiers of fortune were politely termed.

One of the horsemen was tall and slender, and the girl also, and from that day no advowith jet-black hair, pointed beard and sneering cate ranked higher in Italy than Nicholas of eyes; another was short and stout, with gray eyes and close-cut brown hair; the third, a giant in size, with the golden locks and light eyes of the natives of the "Low Country." A Spaniard, an Englishman and a Fleming—men who fought for hire and who were fully as ready to change masters as to transmute copper-pieces into golden ones.

The Spaniard with the pointed beard gave a glance at the sign of the inn, the "Golden needles, and thread and thimbles. Skillets will Goat," and another at the fat host quaffing the

wine!" "Agreed!" responded the other two, in a summer shawls rolled up and tied on the end of breath, and so the three dismounted and called a stick with a silken cord with tassels. Wash-

for three flasks of cypress wine. The host at the first glance set his customers wear hoops this winter. Wash-pans will be down as being members of a Free Band, out of fleece-lined, ornamented with artificial flowers, The States of the Church, Milan and Venice, work, but with their pockets well-lined; so he were all at blood-letting, and few trades, except ran to supply their order as fast as he could. and looped up at the sides, with train. Kitchen "A thought occurs to me!" exclaimed the Spaniard, after the landlord had departed; fringe around the edges; the doors will be finely grained and have elegant knockers, or be furnished with a pull-bell; inside of stove will be lined with fur. Dish-rags will be cut bias, with

The other two looked askance at this propo-"And why not divide now?" asked the En-

"Yes; why not settle the matter at once?" norning along the highway just beyond the placed it upon the table. The chink it gave

"Suppose we fail in our expedition and are little rustic cross erected by some pious hand to taken, then our ducats will be forced from us mark the resting-place of a soul who had fallen by our jailers; but if we leave them behind, by the swords of some fellows of the Free when we get free-if mishap should come to "There's sense in that," the Englishman ob-

"Ah, but two may be caught and the other

babe that smiled in his face, and mercifully go free; then shall he take all the gold?" the

THE old gentleman has just been heard from again. He is now a hundred and twenty-five years old, and will be another year older this time next year, unless he has the whole hundred and twenty-five years cut off his life before that time. Three plugs of tobacco will last him nearly a day, and, though strictly temperate, he can't do without his regular ten drinks a day. He reads the SATURDAY JOUR-NAL regularly every week, without the aid of specks, and laughs without any assistance, or feeling bad over it afterward. He is still active -chops four cords of wood a day, and his board is ten dollars a week, which is considered cheap. He is the oldest man in this country, and his father and mother, we believe, are dead. He is quite active-can run and jump in the center of a ten-acre field; climb up on his ear; turn a grindstone with ease; fall off a fence; ride fourteen horses at once, and lick any man of his size so quick that he will think that it happened two or three days before. My new improved health-giving tonic is so powerful that the skeleton-man took one dose of it a day, and his appetite returned. It took all the profits of the show to feed him, and in wo weeks he weighed two hundred pounds; his hands and feet grew out of all proportion; his ears increased amazingly. In three weeks he was too fat to hand around; and they did every thing to prevent him being so healthy—wouldn't let him have any more food—but that did no good; he kept on growing out of all recollection-even of his debts. He was fourteen feet high in one month, and a new suit of

This was quite conclusive. The soldiers sneaked out of court. Nicholas got judgment

Beat Time's Notes.

WINTER FASHIONS: Coal-scuttles will be

made with flounces half-way up, cut high in the neck, and will have worked pockets to hold

be very elegantly dressed in ridingote, gauntlets;

and for very cold weather, a fur-lined cloak. The tongs will require tight pants with spring

bottoms, a short-waisted coat, and a plug hat.

Elegant mops can be made out of white silk

tubs will be cut high in the waist, and not

stoves will be covered with highly embroidered

cover of some very delicate color, with silk

polonaise; buttons very large, and flounces

quite deep; the color will be such as most suits

the complexion. Ash-barrrels will be dressed

in calico-suit, sleeves flowing, sack short, with

buttons set in gold filagree.

Terracina.

Among railway signals, one whistle means "down break," or more generally a "break down," or a "smash up," just as it happens to be. A succession of short whistles means that some farmer along the road will have fresh beef for supper. A red flag near the track means "danger ahead." A woman with a red dress on the track means "danger afoot." Three whistles signifies "back up," at which the passenger generally gets his back up, but if he growls, the conductor will make him "back down." When your car is rolling down an embankment, it signifies that "something is wrong."

clothes cost him two hundred dollars. Atten-

tion of little men is called to the fact; they

should all take it. Put up in great bottles at

one dollar a bottle, and no questions asked.

WHAT is the dif-no, let me see. What would have been the difference between a torn flag and General Grant, had he been beaten at Vicksburg? You give it up? Well, one would be a tattered banner and the other a battered tanner. I lost three nights sleep on that joke, and I thought that after all I would have to give it up myself; and nobody knows what agony that thought cost me. A pocket diamond edition of this joke will be printed, and agents are wanted in every town in the United States to call and explain it. Seventy-two dollars a week warranted!

I can't get over the loss of that twenty-dollar bill yesterday. I wish now that I had invested it all in cups and saucers, and had a little satisfaction out of it by dropping them down from the second story window to see them smash. I might have ridden a week in the street cars; or, if I had known I would lose it, I might have gone and settled some of my little bills with it—I might have done that, but I wouldn't say for certain.

When a young man, I tried hard to part my hair in the middle, but it wouldn't part. I used to put a brick on each side of it, but it wouldn't do. I used to set up at night and train it; had boys to hold it down for whole days; tried to trust placed in his honesty, and signed an glue it back; did it up in papers; consulted all agreement, witnessed by his daughter, and the editors I could reach with a ten-foot pole or drawn up by the Spaniard, to deliver the bag a letter; wasted years of my life combing it when it should be called for. back; lost millions of money, until my hair is Then the soldiers finished the wine, mounted | now de-parted in the middle, and my agony is

A MAN was arrested out West lately for stealing a Bible, and sent to jail. Now, that seems to have been hardly fair. Perhaps he took it with the best intentions, and had they let him keep it long enough to read it, he would have learned it was wrong, and immediately turned over a new leaf-of the Bible.

RETAIL market. Molasses, 25 cents a yard; eggs, 20 cents a string; butter, 30 cents a foot; calico, 11-2 cents a quart; grindstones, 2 dollars a ream; bacon, 1 dollar per bolt; pants, 10 dol-

WHEN I was a boy, I was such a musician Loudly they claimed their bag of gold and that I could play the most intricate operation

> Why don't they save time and ink by simply writing Cheighcaughgough when they want to write Chicago!

Constituents of Congressmen who took backpay, are anxious they should reverse it and pay

In the ark did not pumpkin vines come under the head of "creeping things?"

As all maidens aspire to be belles, should not a milk-maid be called a cow-belle?

Too much of a good thing is entirely suffi-



"Dem's Injuns! I knows Hector's ways like a book!"

five Indians. Every now and then one of them employ and taught him the lessons of the law. fired a shot; but it seemed indeed as if Dick Darling bore a charmed life. Not a bullet Seven of their war-party had already bitten the dust, killed by Dick.

At last the chief took a long and steady aim, halting his horse to fire, and to his great joy the quondam express-rider dropped from his saddle to the ground.

With loud yells of triumph the Indians galoped up, only to meet a terrible transformation. Leaping to his feet, unhurt, Dick leveled his repeater across his horse's back, and fired five shots in rapid succession. Three Indians fell, and the remaining couple, thoroughly demoralized, fled in confusion. The daring hunter ut-tered a triumphant laugh and remounted his no man—while the grass grows, the steed horse. He panted a little and pressed his hand to his side as if in pain, but that was all the token that the bullet had hurt him.

"By Jove!" he soliloquized, as he rode to"Not

ward Fairfield's ranche, "that little investment of mine has been well worth the thousand dollars it cost me. But that last bullet tried the ket. My Carola is as fair a maid as ever the

mail, light and flexible, but perfectly bulletproof. It had cost him a thousand dollars, but it was well worth the money, as long as he kept the secret to himself.

to Fairfield's ranche gate saw was that of Charlotte Fairfield.

And thus began the Modoc war.

The two beautiful girls, whose fortunes are ever uppermost in the rapidly moving events of Mr. Aiken's powerful romance, THE WOLF DEMON, the bonds of trial, suffering and love. The serial, pathy.

with a Spencer rifle in his hand, was riding lei- | ple and paid for its maintenance. When the | surely toward Fairfield's ranche, followed by boy became old enough, he took him into his

infant on the natal day of the good Saint Nichstruck him for some time, and he rode on as if olas, he christened the boy by the name of the disdaining to reply. The Modocs seemed to be saint, but no further appellation did the youth afraid to close with him, as well they might. ever receive; and so, when he came to man's estate and was permitted to practice the lessons he had learned, one and all termed him Nicholas, the advocate of Terracina.
"Good-morning," said the scholar as he ap-

proached the inn-keeper.

"Good - morning," replied Pietro, rather stiffly. He had his reasons for disliking the young advocate.

with you upon an important subject," the young man began. "Speak then, and lose no time about it," cried the old man, abruptly; "time and tide wait for

'Signor Rocca, I have long wished to speak

"Your daughter, signor," said the pale scholar, blushing to the temples. "Not for thee!" exclaimed the host, bringing

sun shone down upon; she will have the chinkmail. It was a fair knock down."

The secret of his invulnerability among the Indians was very simple. Dick wore a shirt of the church-yard. Two and two is four; to speak truth should offend no man. Therefore speak truth should offend no man. Therefore I say to thee frankly, that, though I know that the silly girl fancies thee, yet it may not be. You are of birth unknown; thy father, perkept the secret to himself.

Just about sunset, Darling rode leisurely up to Fairfield's ranche gate, and the first face he to Fairfield's ranche gate, and the first face he to Fairfield's ranche gate, and the first face he conly for good mon's current that I could play the most intricate operation and the first face he that I could play the most intricate operation are the sunset of gold and the first face he that I could play the most intricate operation are the sunset of gold and the first face he that I could play the most intricate operation are the sunset of gold and the first face he that I could play the most intricate operation are the sunset of gold and the first face he that I could play the most intricate operation are the sunset of gold and the first face he are only for good men's curses. And then, too, Pietro. "I knew the Modocs could never kill my thou hast yet to make thy way in this bustling world, and are likely to get more cuffs than ducats. If Signor Nereto had adopted thee as a son, and made thee heir to his strong box, then thou might stand under the vine open-mouthed and the grapes would fall of their own ac-

> Slowly the young advocate went on his way toward the town, without reply-his head bent down and his face sad. Old Pietro took another pull at the flask and

double-edged rapier so much in favor at that | and claim it!"

"I have thought of that," replied the Spaniard, with a cunning nod. "We will leave the bag with the host, not to be delivered to one, And because Signor Nereto had found the nor to two, but to three. Will that answer?" His companions nodded, and just then old Pietro returned. The soldiers drank and paid for the wine, and then asked him if he would take charge of

the bag for a few days, promising to pay him well for the service. The host accepted the charge, proud of the

their horses and rode off. The host conveyed the bag into the inn, placed it on a table, and while deliberating where to bestow it, one of the soldiers, the

Spaniard, re-entered, hastily.

ter, suspecting some trick.

"I had forgotten to place my seal on the bag like the rest," he said. Pietro pointed to the bag; the Spaniard seized it and with one bound went, bag and all, through the window, and in a twinkling his long legs disappeared in the shrubbery.

The host cried aloud in horror; but before he could collect his wits the thief was far bevond pursuit. In twenty minutes more the other two sol- lars a pair, half a pair, 5 dollars; wheat, so diers were back; impatient at their comrade's much a piece, and candles fifty cents a can.

The host sought in vain for learned counsel

delay, they returned to see what was the mat-

to defend the suit; none would take so desperate a case, until at last, in despair, he found young Nicholas. "Plead my cause, and it you win, Carola is yours!" he cried. The advocate accepted.

Behold them all in court-soldiers, host, the back. judges, and the learned counselors! The claim is made and proved. Uprose then young Nicholas, the acknowledgment in his hand.

nodded to himself in quiet satisfaction.

Then, along the road came three horsemen, big-booted, leather-jacketed gentlemen, wearing the bag to be delivered? 'Not to one nor to the steel cuirass of the soldier, and the long, two, but to three.' Let the three stand forth